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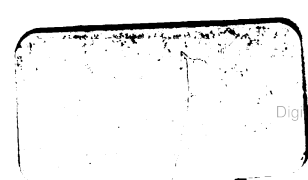
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SIR THOMAS MORE,

A PLAY;

NOW FIRST PRINTED.

EDITED BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.



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P R E F A C E.

The only extant MS. of the following play,—*Harleian* 7368,—is written in several hands,¹ a portion of it appearing to have belonged to a playhouse transcript: in some places it is slightly mutilated; and in others it presents so much confusion from the scenes having been re-modelled and the leaves misplaced, that considerable difficulty has been experienced in preparing a copy for the press.

Concerning the author of this tragedy nothing is known. It would seem to have been composed towards the close of the sixteenth century (about 1590, or perhaps a little earlier); but there are some grounds for supposing that a few additions were made to it at a later period.

A. D.

¹ Hence in the present edition the inconsistency in the use of *u* and *v*.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EARLIER SCENES OF THE PLAY.

I.

From Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. lix. (b), ed. 1548.

[The VIII. yere of Kyng Henry the VIII.]

In this ceason, the Genowayes, Frenchemen and other straungiers sayde and boasted themselves to be in suche fauour with the kyng and hys counsayll, that they set naughte by the rulers of the citie ; and the multitude of straungers was so great aboute London, that the poore Englishe artificers coulde skace get any lyuyng ; and, moost of all, the straungers were so proude, that they disdayned, mocked and oppressed the Englishemen, whiche was the begynnyng of the grudge. For, amonge all other thynges, there was a carpenter in London called Willyamson, whiche bought two stockdoues in Chepe, and as he was aboute to paye for them, a Frencheman tooke them oute of hys hande, and sayde they were not meate for a carpenter. "Well," sayde the Englishman, "I haue bought them and now payd for them, and therefore I will haue them." "Naye," sayde the Frencheman, "I will haue theim for my lorde the ambassador;" and so, for better or worse, the Frencheman called the Englisheman knaue, and went awaye with the stockdoues. The straungiers came to the Frenche ambassadour, and surmysed a complaynt agaynste the poore carpenter : and the ambassadour came to my lorde Mayre, and sayde so muche, that the carpenter was sent to pryson ; and yet not contented with this, so complayned to the kynges counsail, that the kynges commaundement was layde on hym. And when Syr Ihon Baker knyght and other worshipfull persones sued too the ambassadour for hym, he aunswered, by the body of God, that the English knaue shoulde lose his lyfe ; for, he sayde, no Englishe- Frenchemen.

The pride of

man shoulde deny that the Frenchemen required. And other aunswer had they none.

Also a Frencheman that had slayne a man should abiure the realme, and had a crosse in his hande; and then sodeinly came a great sorte of Frenchmen aboute him, and one of them sayde to the constable that led hym, "Syr, is this crosse the price to kyll an Englishman?" The constable was somewhat astonyed, and aunswered not. Then sayde another Frencheman, "On that pryce we woulde be banyshed all, by the masse:" thys saiying was noted to be spoken spitefully. Howebeit, the Frenchemen were not alonely oppressors of the Englishemen; for a Lombarde, called Fraunces de Bard, entised a mannes wyfe in Lombarde Strete to come to his chambre with her husbandes plate; whiche thyng she dyd. After, when her husbande knewe it, he demaunded hys wyfe; but aunswer was made he shoulde not haue her: then he demaunded his plate, and in lyke maner aunswer was made that he shoulde neither haue plate nor wyfe. And when he had sewed an accion agaynste the straunger in the Guyld Hall, the straunger so faced the Englisheman, that he faynted in hys sute. And then the Lombarde arrested the poore man for his wyfes boorde while he kept her from her husband in his chamber. This mocke was much noted; and, for these and many other oppressions done by them, there encreased suche a malice in the Englishemennes hartes, that at the laste it brast oute. For, amongst other that sore grudged at these matters, there was a broker in London, called Ihon Lyncoln, whiche wrote a bill before Easter, desyring Doctor Standyche at hys sermon at Sainct Marye Spyttell, the Mondaye in Easter weke, too moue the Mayre and aldermen to take parte with the comminaltie agaynst the straungiers. The doctor aunswered, that it became not hym too moue anye suche thyng in a sermon. From hym he departed, and came to a chanon in Sayncte Mary Spittell, a doctor in deuinitie, called doctor Bele, and lamentably declared to hym, howe miserably the common artificers lyued,

and skase coude get any woorke to fynde them, their wyfes and chyl dren, for there were such a number of artificers straungers that tooke awaye all the lyuinge in maner ; and also howe the Englishe merchauntes coude haue no utteraunce, for the merchaunt straungers brynge in all sylkes, clothe of golde, wyne, oyle, iron, and suche other merchaundise, that no man almoost byeth of an Englisheman ; and also outwarde they carye so muche Englishe wolle, tynne, and leade, that Englishmen that auenture outwarde can haue no lyuynge : “ whiche thynges,” sayd Lyncoln, “ hathe bene shewed to the counsayll, and cannot be heard ; and farther,” sayde he, “ the straungiers compasse the cytye rounde aboute in Southwarke, in Westmynster, Temple Barre, Holborne, Sayncte Martynes, Sayncte Ihons Strete, Algate, Towre Hyll, and Sayncte Katherynes, and forstall the market, so that no good thyng for them commeth to the market ; whiche is the cause that Englishemen want and sterue, and thei lyue haboundantly in great pleASURE ; wherefore,” sayde Lyncolne, “ Master doctor, syth you were borne in London, and se the oppression of the straungers and the great misery of your awne natyue countray, exhorte all the cytiezens to ioine in one agaynst these straungers, raueners and destroyers of your countrye.” Master doctor, hearynge thys, sayde he muche lamented the case if it were as Lyncoln hadde declared. “ Yes,” sayde Lyncolne, “ that it is, and muche more, for the Dutchemen bryng ouer iron, tymber, lether, and weynskot, ready wrought, as nayles, lockes, baskettes, cupbordes, stooles, tables, chestes, gyrdels, with poyntes, sadelles, and painted clothes, so that, if it were wrought here, Englishmen might haue some worke and lyuynge by it ; and, besyde this, they growe into such a multitude, that it is to be looked upon, for I sawe on a Sondaye this Lent vi. c. straungiers shotyng at the popyngaye with crosbowes, and they kepe such assemblyes and fraternities together, and make such a gathering to their common boxe, that euery botcher will holde plee with the cytye of London.” “ Wel,” sayd the doc-

tor, "I will do for a reformation of this matter asmuche as a priest may do;" and so receaued Lincolnes byl, and studied for his purpose. Then Lyncoln, very ioyous of hys enterprice, went from man to man, sayng that shortly they shoulde heare newes, and daily excited younge people and artificers to beare malice to the straungiers.

When Ester came, and Doctor Bele should preache the Twesdaye in Ester weke, he came into the pulpit, and there declared that to him was brought a pitiful bill, and red it in thys wyse; *To al you the worshipful lordes and masters of this citie, that wil take compassion ouer the poore people your neyghbours, and also of the great importable hurtes, losses, and hynderaunces, whereof procedeth the extreme pouertie too all the kynges subiectes that inhabite within this citie and suburbs of the same; for so it is that the alyens and straungiers eats the bread from the poore fatherles chyldren, and take the liuynge from all the artificers, and the entercourse from all merchauntes, wherby pouertie is so muche encreased, that euery man bewaileth the misery of other; for craftesmen be brought to beggery, and merchauntes to nedynes: wherefore, the premisses considred, the redresse must be of the commons, knyt and enyte to one parte, and as the hurt and dammage greueth all men, so muste all men set to their willyng power for remedy, and not to suffre the sayd alyens so highly in their wealth, and the naturall borne men of [t]his region too come to confusion.* Of this letter was more; but the doctor red no farther; and then he began, *Cælum cæli Domino, terram autem dedit filiis hominum*; and upon thys text he intreated, that this lande was geuen too Englishemen, and as byrdes woulde defende their nest, so oughte Englishemen to cheryshe and defende themselves, and to hurte and greue aliens for the common weale. And vpon this text, *pugna pro patria*, he brought in howe by Goddes lawe it was lawfull to fight for their countrey, and euer he subtellye moued the people to rebell agaynst the straungiers, and breake the kynges peace, nothyngge regardynge the league betwene princes and the kynges honoure.

Of this sermon many a light person tooke courage, and openly spake against straungiers. And, as the deuell woulde, the Sunday after, at Grenewiche, in the kynges gallery was Fraunces de Bard, whiche, as you harde, kept an Englishemens wyfe and his goodes, and yet he coulde haue no remedy; and with him were Domyngo, Anthony Caueler, and many mo straungiers; and ther they, talkynge with Syr Thomas Palmer knyght, iested and laughed howe that Fraunces kepte the Englishemens wyfe, saynge, that if they had the Mayres wife of London, they woulde kepe her. Syr Thomas sayd, "Sirs, you haue to muche fauour in Englande." There were diuerse Englishe merchauntes by, and harde them laugh, and were not content, insomuche as one William Bolt, a mercer, sayd, "Wel, you whoreson Lombardes, you reioyse and laugh; by the masse, we will one daye haue a daye at you, come when it will;" and that saynge the other merchauntes affirmed. This tale was reported aboute London, and the younge and euell disposed people sayde, they woulde be reuenged on the merchaunt straungiers, as well as on the artificers straungiers. On Monday the morow after, the kyng remoued to hys maner of Rychemonde.

The ix. yere,

Vpon this rumour, the xxviii. daye of Aprill, diuerse younge men of the citie assaulted the alyens as they passed by the stretes; and some were striken and some buffeted, and some throwen in the canel. Wherefore the Mayre sent diuerse persons to ward, as Stephyn Studley skynner, and Bettes, and Stephenson, and diuerse other, some to one counter, and some to another, and some to Newgate. Then sodeynly was a common secret rumour, and no man could tell how it began, that on May daye next, the citie would rehell, and slaye all aliens, insomuche as diuerse straungers fled oute of the citie. This brute ranne so farre that it came to the kynges counsayl, inso-much as the Cardinall, beyng Lord Chauncelour, sent for Ihon Rest, Mayre of the citie, and other of the counsail of the citie,

and demaunded of the Mayre in what case the citie stode. To whome he aunswered, that it was wel, and in good quyet. "Nay," sayd the Cardinal, "it is informed vs that your young and ryotous people will ryse, and distresse the straungiers : heare ye of no such thing?" "No, surely," sayd the Mayre, "and I trust so to gouerne them, that the kynges peace shal be obserued ; and that I dare undertake, if I and my brethren the aldermen may be suffered." "Wel," sayd the Cardinal, "go home, and wisely forsee this matter ; for, and if any suche thing be, you may shortly preuent it." The Mayre came from the Cardinals at iiii. of the clocke at afternone on May euen, and demaunded of the officers what they harde. Diuerse of them aunswered, that the voyce of the people was so, and had ben so ii. or iii. dayes before. This heryng, the Mayre sent for al his brethren to the Guylde Hall in great hast, and almost vii. of the clocke or the assemble was set. Then was declared to them by Master Brooke, the recorder, how that the kynges counsaill had reported to them that the comminaltie that night would ryse, and distresse all the aliens and straungers that inhabited in the citie of London. The aldermen aunswered, they harde say so ; but they mistrusted not the matter ; but yet they sayd that it was wel done to forsee it. Then sayd the recorder, it were best that a substancial watche were set of honest persons, housholders, whiche might withstand the euell doers. An alderman sayde, that it was euell to rayse men in harneys ; for, if suche a thinge were entended, they coulde not tell who woulde take their parte. Another alderman sayd, that it were best to kepe the younge men asonder, and euery man to shut in hys doores, and to kepe hys seruantes within. Then with these opinions was the recorder sent to the Cardinal before viii. of the clocke. And then he, with suche as were of the kynges counsaill at hys place, commaunded that in no wyse watche shoulde be kept, but that euery man shoulde repayre to hys awne house, and there to kepe hym and hys seruantes tyl vii. of the clocke of the mornynge : with whiche commaunde-

ment the sayde Rycharde Brooke, sergeaunt at the lawe and recorder, and Syr Thomas Moore, late vndershrife of London, and then of the kynges counsaill, came to the Guyld Hall halfe houre and before ix. of the clocke [*sic*], and there shewed the commaundement of the kynges counsayl. Then in all hast euery alderman sent to his warde, that no man shoulde styrre after Euell May-day. ix. of the clocke out of his house, but to kepe hys doores shut and hys seruauntes within tyll vii. of the clocke in the mornyng. After this commaundement, Syr Ihon Mondy, alderman, came from hys warde, and founde two young men in Chepe playyng at buckelers, and a great company of young men lokyng on them, for the commaundement was then skace knowen, for then it was but ix. of the clocke. Master Mondy, seying that, bade them leaue ; and the one younge man asked hym why ; and then he sayd, "Thou shalt know," and toke hym by the arme to haue had him to the counter. Then all the young men resisted the alderman, and toke him from Master Mondy, and cryed "Prentyses and clubbes !" Then out at euery doore came clubbes and weapons, and the alderman fled, and was in great daungier. Then more people arose out of euery quarter, and oute came seruyngemen and water men and courtiers ; and by a xi. of the clocke there were in Chepe vi. or vii. hundreth. And oute of Paules Churcheyarde came iii. hundreth, which wist not of the other ; and so out of all places they gathered, and brake up the counters, and tooke out the prisoners that the Mayre had thether committed for hurtyng of the straungers, and came to Newgate, and tooke out Studley and Petyt committed thether for that cause. The Mayre and shrifes were there present, and made proclamacion in the kynges name ; but nothyng was obeyed. Thus they ranne a plump thorow Sainct Nycholas Shambles ; and at Saynet Martyns Gate there met with them Syr Thomas Moore and other, desyryng theym to go to their lodgynges ; and as they were intreatyng and had almost brought them to a staye, the people of Saynet Martynes threwe oute stones and bates,

and hurte dyuerse honest persones that were persuadynge the ryotous people to ceasse, and they bade them holde their handes ; but still they threwe oute bryckes and hoate water. Then a sergeaunt of armes, called Nycholas Dounes, whiche was there with Master Moore entreatyng them, beyng sore hurt, in a fury cryed " Doune with them ! " Then all the misruled persons ranne to the dores and wyndowes of Saynet Martyn, and spoyled all that they founde, and caste it into the strete, and lefte fewe houses vnspoyled. And, after that, they ranne hedlyng into Cornehill by Leaden Hal to the house of one Mutuas, a Frencheman or Pycarde borne, whiche was a greate bearer of Frenchemen, were they pyckpursses or howe euell disposicion soeuer they were of ; and within hys gate, called Grenegate, dwelled dyuerse Frenchmen that kalendred worsted contrary to the kynges lawes, and all they were so borne out by the same Mutuas that no man durst medle with them ; wherfore he was sore hated, and, if the people had found him in their fury, they would haue striken of his head. But, when they found hym not, the watermen, and certayn young priestes that were there, fell to riflyng : some ranne to Blanchechapelton, and brake the straungers houses, and threwe shooes and bootes into the strete. This from x. or xi. of the clocke continued these ryotous people, duryng whiche tyme a knight, called Syr Thomas Parr, in great hast went to the Cardinall, and tolde him of thys ryot : which incontinent strengthened his house with men and ordinaunce. And after, this knight roade to the kyng at Richemond, and made the report much more then it was. Wherfore the kyng hastely sent to London, and was truly aduertised of the matter, and how that the ryot was ceassed, and many of the doers apprehended. But while this ruffling continued, Syr Richard Cholmeley, knyght, Lieutenaunt of the Towre, no great frende to the citie, in a frantike fury losed certayn peces of ordinaunce, and shot into the citie ; whiche did litle harme, howbeit his good wil apered. About iii. of the clocke, these ryotous persons seuered, and went to

their places of resorte, and by the waye they were taken by the Mayre and the heddes of the citie, and some sent to the Towre, and some to Newgate, and some to the counters, to the number of iii. c. : some fled, and specially the watermen and priestes and seruyngmen ; but the poore prentises were taken. About fyue of the clocke, the Erles of Shrewesbury and Surrey, whiche had harde of this ryot, came to London with suche strength as they had ; so dyd the Innes of Court, and diuerse noblemen : but, or they came, all the ryot was ceased, and many taken as you haue heard.

Then were the prisoners examined, and the sermon of Docter Bele called to remembraunce, and he taken, and sent to the Towre, and so was Iohn Lyncoln : but with this ryot the Cardinall was sore displeased. Then the iiij. day of May was an oyer and determiner at London before the Mayre, the Duke of Norffolke, the Erle of Surrey, and other. The citie thought that the duke bare them grudge for a lewde priest of his which the yere before was slayn in Chepe, in so much the duke then in his fury sayd, “ I pray God, I may once haue the citezens in my daungier ! ” and the duke also thought that they bare him no good wil ; wherfore he came into the citie with xiii. c. men in harneys, to kepe the oyer and determiner. And upon examinacion it could neuer be proued of any metyng, gathering, talking, or conuenticle, at any daye or tyme before that day, but that the chaunce so happened without any matter prepensed of any creature sauing Lyncoln, and neuer an honest person in maner was taken but onely he. Then proclamacions were made, that no women shoulde come together to bable and talke, but all men should kepe their wyues in their houses. All the stretes that were notable stode ful of harnessed men, which spake many opprobrious wordes to the citezens, which greued them sore ; and, if they woulde haue bene reuenged, the other had had the worse, for the citezens were ii. c. to one : but, lyke true subiectes, they suffred patiently.

When the lordes were set, the prisoners were brought in thorough the stretes tyed in ropes, some men, some laddes, some

chyldren of xiii. yere. There was a great mourning of fathers and frendes for their chyldren and kynsfolke: among the prisoners, many were not of the citie; some were priestes, and some husbandmen and laborers: the whole some of the prisoners were ii. c. lxxviii. persons. The cause of the treason was, because the kyng had amitie with all Christen prynces, that they had broken the truce and league, contrary to the statute of Kyng Henry the V. Of this treason diuerse were endited; and so for that tyme the lordes departed. And, the next day, the duke came agayn, and the Erle of Surrey with ii. M. armed men which kept the stretes. When the Mayre, the duke, and the Erle[s] of Shrewsbury and Surrey were set, the prisoners were arreigned, and xiii. founde giltye of high treason, and adiudged to be hanged, drawen, and quartered; and for execucion wherof were set vp xi. payre of galowes in diuerse places where the offences were done, as at Algate, at Blanche-chapelon, Gracious Strete, Leaden Hal, and before euery counter one, and at Newgate, at S. Martens, at Aldrisgate, at Bishopsgate. This sight sore greued the people, to se galowes set in the kynges chamber. Then were the prysoners that were iudged brought to the places of execucion, and executed in most rygorous maner; for the Lord Edmond Haward, sonne to the Duke of Northfolke and Knight Marshal, shewed no mercy, but extreme cruelty to the poore yongelinges in their execucion: and likewise the dukes seruantes spake many opprobrious wordes; some bad hange, some bad drawe, some bad set the citie on fyer: but all was suffred.

On Thursday the vii. day of May was Lyncoln, Shyrwyn, and two brethren called Bets, and diuerse other adiudged to dye. Then Lyncoln said, "My lordes, I meant wel; for, and you knew the mischief that is ensued in this realme by straungers, you would remedy it; and many tymes I haue complayned, and then I was called a busy fellow: now our Lord haue mercy on me!" Then all the sayd persons were layd on the hardels, and drawen to the Standarde in Chepe; and first was Ihon Lyncoln executed; and, as the other had the rope

about their neckes, there came a commaundement from the kyng to respite execucion. Then the people cryed, "God saue the kyng!" Then was the oyer and determiner deferred tyll another daye, and the prisoners sent agayn to warde, and the harnessed men departed oute of London, and all thynges quyet.

The xi. daye of Maye the kyng came to his maner of Grenewiche, where the recorder of London and diuerse aldermen came to speake with his grace, and al ware gounes of black coloure. And, when they perceaued the kyng comming out of his priuie chambre into his chambre of presence, they kneled doune, and the recorder sayd, "Our most natural beninge and souereigne lorde, we knowe well that your grace is displeased with vs of your cite of London for the great ryot late done: we assertein your grace that none of vs, nor no honest person, were condesyndynge to that enormitie; and yet we, oure wyfes and chyl-dren, euery houre lament that your fauour shoulde be taken from vs; and, forasmuche as light and ydle persones were the doers of the same, we moost humbly beseche your grace to haue mercy of vs for our negligence, and compassion of the offendours for their offence and trespasse." "Truly," sayd the kyng, "you haue highly displeased and offended vs, and ye oughte to wayle and be sory for the same; and where ye saye that you the substanciall persons were not concentyng to the same, it appereth to the contrary, for you neuer moued to let them, nor sturred once to fight with them, whiche you saye were so small a numbre of light persones; wherefore we must thynke, and you cannot deny but you dyd wyneke at the matter: but at this tyme we will graunt to you neither our fauor nor good will, nor to thoffenders mercy; but resort to the Cardinall, our Lord Chauncelour, and he shal make you an answer, and declare our pleasure:" and with this answer the Londoners departed, and made relacion to the Maior.

* * * * *

Thursdaye the xxii. day of May, the kyng came into Westmynster hall, for whome at the vpper ende was set a clothe of

b

estate, and the place hanged with arras: with him was the Cardinal, the Dukes of Northfolke and Suffolke, the Erles of Shrewsbury, of Essex and Wilshyre, of Surrey [*sic*], with many lordes and other of the kinges counsail. The Mayre and aldermen, and al the chief of the cite were there in their best liuery (according as the Cardinal had them apoynted) by ix. of the clock. Then the kynge commaunded that all the prisoners should be brought forth. Then came in the poore younglinges and olde false knaues, bounden in ropes, all along, one after another, in their shertes, and euery one a halter about his neck, to the number of iiii. c. men and xi. women. And, when all were come before the kinges presence, the Cardinall sore laied to the Mayre and comminaltie their negligence, and to the prisoners he declared that they had deserued death for their offence. Then al the prisoners together cryed, "Mercy, gracious lord, mercy!" Then the lordes altogethcr besought his grace of mercy; at whose request the kyng pardoned them al. And then the Cardinal gaue vnto them a good exhortacion, to the great gladnes of the herers. And, when the generall pardon was pronounced, all the prisoners shouted at once, and altogethcr cast vp their halters into the hall roffe, so that the kyng might perceauce they were none of the discrettest sorte. Here is to be noted, that diuerse offenders which were not taken, hering that the king was inclined to mercy, came wel appareled to Westmynster, and sodeynly stryped them into their shertes, with halters, and came in among the prisoners willingly, to be partakers of the kynges pardon: by the whiche doying it was well knowen that one Jhon Gelson, yoman of the croune, was the first that began to spoyle, and exhorted other to dooe the same, and because he fled and was not taken, he came in the rope with the other prisoners, and so had his pardon. This compaignie was after called the Blacke Wagon. Then were all the galowes within the citee taken doune, and many a good praier saied for the kyng; and the citezens toke more hede to their seruauntes.

II.

*The Story of Ill May-Day¹ in the time of King Henry VIII.,
and why it was so called, and how Queen Catherine begged the
lives of Two Thousand London Apprentices.*

[From *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses.*]

Peruse the stories of this land,
And with advertisement mark the same,
And you shall justly understand
How Ill May-day first got the name.
For when King Henry th' Eighth did reign,
And rul'd our famous kingdom here,
This royal queen he had from Spain,
With whom he liv'd full many a year ;

Queen Catherine nam'd, as stories tell,
Sometime his elder brother's wife ;
By which unlawful marriage fell
An endless trouble during life :
But such kind love he still conceiv'd
Of his fair queen and of her friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
Their journeys fast for England bends ;

And with good leave were suffered
Within our kingdom here to stay :
Which multitude made victuals dear,
And all things else, from day to day ;
For strangers then did so increase
By reason of King Henry's queen,
And privileg'd in many a place
To dwell, as was in London seen.

¹ *The Story of Ill May-Day, &c.*] Now reprinted from Evans's *Old Ballads*, iii. 76, ed. 1810.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then,
And who but strangers bore the bell ?
Which was a grief to Englishmen,
To see them here in London dwell :
Wherefore (God wot) upon May-eve,
As prentices on Maying went,
Who made the magistrates believe,
At all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game it was known,
As like in London never were ;
For by the same full many a one
With loss of life did pay full dear ;
For thousands came with bilboa-blade,
As with an army they could meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
Of foreign strangers in the street,

That all the channels ran down with blood,
In every street where they remain'd ;
Yea, every one in danger stood
That any of their part maintain'd :
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the seas tho' born and bred,
By prentices they suffer'd wrong,
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such multitudes together went,
No warlike troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand :
Till at the last King Henry's power
This multitude encompass'd round,
Where with the strength of London's Tower
They were by force suppress'd and bound ;

And hundreds hang'd by martial law
On sign-posts at their masters' doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,
And frighted from such loud uproars ;
And others, which the fact repented
(Two thousand prentices at least),
Were all unto the king presented,
As mayor and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
Through Temple-bar and Strand they go
To Westminster, there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks also.
But such a cry in every street
Till then was never heard or known,
By mothers for their children sweet,
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments
Possess'd the court with trembling fear :
Whereat the queen herself relents,
Tho' it concern'd her country dear.
"What if," quoth she, "by Spanish blood
Have London's stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this country's good,
And pardon for these young men get ;

Or else the world will speak of me,
And say Queen Catherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be
These young men did these fortunes find."
And so, disrob'd from rich attires,
With hairs hang'd down, she sadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

“The lives,” quoth she, “of all the blooms
Yet budding green, these youths, I crave :
O, let them not have timeless tombs !
For nature longer limits gave.”
In saying so, the pearly tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes :
Whereat his gentle queen he cheers,
And says, “Stand up, sweet lady, rise :

The lives of them I freely give ;
No means this kindness shall debar ;
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live
To serve me in my Bullen war.”
No sooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall,
As though it thunder’d down from heaven
The queen’s renown amongst them all.

For which, kind queen, with joyful heart
She gave to them both thanks and praise ;
And so from them did gently part,
And liv’d beloved all her days :
And when King Henry stood in need
Of trusty soldiers at command,
These prentices prov’d men indeed,
And fear’d no force of warlike band ;

For at the siege of Tours in France
They shew’d themselves brave Englishmen ;
At Bullen, too, they did advance
St. George’s lusty standard then :
Let Tourine, Tournay, and those towns
That good King Henry nobly won,
Tell London’s prentices’ renowns,
And of their deeds by them there done :

For Ill May-day, and ill May-games
Perform'd in young and tender days,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
Or stains of manhood any ways :
But now it is ordain'd by law,
We see, on May-day's eve at night,
To keep unruly youths in awe
By London's watch in armour bright,
Still to prevent the like misdeed
Which once through headstrong young men came ;
And that's the cause that I do read
May-day doth get so ill a name.

CORRIGENDA.

Page 22, line 7.

“*Enter at on dore Sir THOMAS MOORE.*”

I ought to have pointed out the impropriety of this title. More is not knighted till p. 32.

Page 25, line 20.

“*Enter the L. Maier, SURREY, SHREWSBURY.*”

I ought to have given this stage-direction, with additions in brackets, thus ;

“*Enter the L. Maier, SURREY, SHREWSBURY, [PALMER, CHOLMLEY, and MOORE].*”

Page 83, line 9.

“Theres no man thats *ingenuous* can be poore.”

Formerly *ingenuous* and *ingenious* were used as synonymous.

SIR THOMAS MORE,

A PLAY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

Earl of SHREWSBURY.
 Earl of SURREY.
 Sir THOMAS PALMER.
 Sir ROGER CHOLMLEY.
 Sir JOHN MUNDAY.
 Sir THOMAS MORE.
 Lord Mayor.
 Aldermen.
 SURESBY, a Justice.
 Other Justices.
 Sheriffs.
 Recorder.
 Sergeant at Arms.
 Clerk of the Council.
 ERASMUS.
 Bishop of ROCHESTER.
 ROPER, son-in-law to MORE.
 JOHN LINCOLN, a broker.
 GEORGE BETTS.
 His brother (the "Clown").
 WILLIAMSON, a carpenter.
 SHERWIN, a goldsmith.
 FRANCIS DE BARDE, } Lombards.
 CAVELER, }
 LIFTER, a cut-purse.
 SMART, plaintiff against him.
 HARRY, }
 ROBIN, } Prentices.
 KIT, and others, }

MORRIS.
 FAULKNER, his servant.
 Players.
 GOUGH, }
 CATESBY, }
 RANDALL, } Belonging
 Butler, } to MORE's
 Brewer, } household.
 Porter, }
 Horsekeeper, }
 CROFTS.
 DOWNES.
 Lieutenant, }
 Warders, } of the
 Gentleman Porter, } Tower.
 Hangman.
 Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Mes-
 sengers, Guard, Attendants.

 Lady MORE.
 Lady Mayoress.
 Mistress ROPER, daughter to
 MORE.
 Another daughter to MORE.
 DOLL, wife to WILLIAMSON.
 A Poor Woman.
 Ladies.

¹ *Dramatis Personæ*, &c.] Not in MS.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Enter,¹ at one end, IOHN LINCOLNE, with [the two BETTSSES] together ; at the other end, enters FRAUNCES DE [BARDE, and DOLL] a lustie woman, he haling her by the arme.

Doll. Whether wilt thou hale me ?

Bard. Whether I please ; thou art my prize, and I pleade purchase² of thee.

Doll. Purchase of me ! away, ye rascall ! I am an honest plaine carpenters wife, and thoughe I haue no beautie to like³ a husband, yet whatsoeuer is mine scornes to stoupe to a straunger : hand off, then, when I bid thee !

Bard. Goe with me quietly, or Ile compell thee.

Doll. Compell me, ye dogges face ! thou thinkst thou hast the goldsmiths wife in hand, whom thou enticedst from her

¹ *Enter, &c.*] On the margin, at the commencement of the play, the MS. has the following note in the handwriting of the Master of the Revels: "Leaue out * * y^e insurrection wholly, and the cause thereof, and begin with Sir Tho. Moore at y^e mayors sessions, with a reportt afterwarde off his good service don, being shriue off London, vppon a mutiny agaynst y^e Lumbardes, only by a shortt reportt, and nott otherwise, att your own perrilles. E. Tyllney."

² *purchase*] i. e. booty.

³ *like*] i. e. please.

husband with all his plate, and when thou turndst her home to him againe, madste him, like an asse, pay for his wifes boorde.

Bard. So will I make thy husband too, if please me.

Doll. Heere he comes himselfe ; tell him so, if thou darste.

Enter CAUELER with a paire of dooues ; WILLIAMSON the carpenter, and SHERWIN following him.

Caue. Followe me no further ; I say thou shalt not haue them.

Wil. I bought them in Cheapeside, and paide my monie for them.

Sher. He did, sir, indeed ; and you offer him wrong, bothe to take them from him, and not restore him his monie neither.

Caue. If he paid for them, let it suffice that I possesse them : beefe and brewes¹ may serue such hindes ; are piggions meate for a coorse carpenter ?

Lin. It is hard when Englishmens pacience must be thus jetted on² by straungers, and they not dare to reuendge their owne wrongs.

Geo. Lincolne, lets beate them downe, and beare no more of these abuses.

¹ *brewes*] Means, in our early English writers, broth, soup.—In Scotland, at the present day, the word, pronounced *brose*, signifies “A kind of pottage, made by pouring water or broth on meal, which is stirred while the liquid is poured. The dish is denominated from the nature of the liquid, as *water-brose*, *kail-brose*.” Jamieson’s *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*

² *jetted on*] Equivalent to—boldly encroached upon. So in Shakespeare’s *Richard III.* act ii. sc. 4 ;

“Insulting tyranny begins to *jet*

Upon the innocent and aweless throne.”

where the commentators explain “*jet*”—strut ; and where Messrs. Malone and Knight (in spite of a passage in *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 1.) prefer the wrong reading of the folio, “*jut*.”

Lin. We may not, Betts: be pacient, and heare more.

Doll. How now, husband! what, one straunger take thy food from thee, and another thy wife! bir-Lady, flesh and blood, I thinke, can hardly brooke that.

Lin. Will this geere neuer be otherwise? must these wrongs be thus endured?

Geo. Let vs step in, and help to reuendge their iniurie.

Bard. What art thou that talkest of reuendge? my lord ambassadour shall once more make your Maior haue a check, if he punishe thee not for this saucie presumption.

Will. Indeed, my lord Maior, on the ambassadours complainte, sent me to Newgate one day, because (against my will) I tooke the wall of a straunger: you may doo any thing; the goldsmith's wife and mine now must be at your comaundment.

Geo. The more pacient fooles are ye bothe, to suffer it.

Bard. Suffer it! mend it thou or he, if ye can or dare. I tell thee, fellowe, and she were the Maior of Londons wife, had I her once in my possession, I would keep her in spite of him that durst say nay.

Geo. I tell the, Lombard, these wordes should cost thy best cappe, were I not curbd by dutie and obedience: the Maior of Londons wife! Oh God, shall it be thus?

Doll. Why, Bettes, am not I as deare to my husband as my lord Maiors wife to him? and wilt thou so neglectly suffer thine owne shame?—Hands off, proude stranger! or, [by] him that bought me, if mens milkie harts dare not strike a straunger, yet women will beate them downe, ere they beare these abuses.

Bard. Mistresse, I say you shall along with me.

Doll. Touche not Doll Williamson, least she lay thee along on Gods deare earthe.—And you, sir [*To CAUELER*], that allow such coorse cates to carpenters, whilst pidgions, which they pay for, must serue your daintie appetite, deliuer them back to my husband again, or Ile call so many women to myne assistance as weele not leaue one inche vntorne of thee: if our husbands must be brideled by lawe, and forced to beare your

wrongs, their wiues will be a little lawelesse, and soundly beate ye.

Caus. Come away, De Bard, and let vs goe complaine to my lord ambassadour. *[Ex. Ambo.]*

Doll. I,¹ goe, and send him among vs, and weelee giue him his welcome too. — I am ashamed that freeborne Englishmen, hauing beatten straungers within their owne homes, should thus be brau'de and abuse by them at home.

Sher. It is not our lack of courage in the cause, but the strict obedience that we are bound too.² I am the goldsmith whose wrongs you talkte of; but how to redresse yours or mine owne is a matter beyond all our abilities.

Lin. Not so, not so, my good freends: I, though a meane man, a broaker by profession, and namd Iohn Lincolne, haue long time winckt at these vilde³ ennormitees with mighty impacience, and, as these two bretheren heere (Betses by name) can witnesse, with losse of mine owne liffe would gladly remedie them.

Geo. And he is in a good forwardnesse, I tell ye, if all hit right.

Doll. As how, I prethee? tell it to Doll Williamson.

Lin. You knowe the Spittle sermons begin the next weeke: I haue drawne a [bill] of our wrongs and the straungers insolencies.

Geo. Which he meanes the preachers shall there openly publishe in the pulpit.

Wil. Oh, but that they would! yfaith, it would tickle our straungers thorowly.

Doll. I, and if you men durst not vndertake it, before God, we women [would. Take] an honest woman from her husband! why, it is intollerable.

Sher. But how finde ye the preachers affected to [our proceeding]?

¹ *I*] i. e. Ay.

² *too*] i. e. to.

³ *vilde*] i. e. vile.

Lin. Master Doctor Standish * * * *
 * * * *
 * * [re]forme it, and doubts not but happie suc-
 cesse will ensu * * our wrongs. You shall perceiue
 ther's no hurt in the bill: heer's a copie of it; I pray ye,
 heare it.

All. With all our harts; for Gods sake, read it.

Lin. [*reads.*] *To you all, the worshipfull lords and maisters of this cittie, that will take compassion ouer the poore people your neighbours, and also of the greate importable¹ hurts, losses, and hindaunces, wherof proceedeth extream pouertie to all the kings subiects that inhabite within this cittie and subburbs of the same: ffor so it is that aliens and straungers eate the bread from the fatherlesse children, and take the liuing from all the artificers and the entercourse from all merchants, wherby pouertie is so much encreased, that euery man bewayleth the miserie of other; for craftsmen be brought to beggerie, and merchants to needines: wherfore, the premisses considered, the redresse must be of the commons knit and vnited to one parte: and as the hurt and damage greeueth all men, so must all men see to their willing power for remedie, and not suffer the sayde aliens in their wealth, and the naturall borne men of this region to come to confusion.*

Doll. Before God, tis excellent; and Ile maintaine the suite to be honest.

Sher. Well, say tis read, what is your further meaning in the matter?

Geo. What! marie, list to me. No doubt but this will store vs with freends enow, whose names we will closely keepe in writing; and on May day next in the morning wee le goe foorth a Maying, but make it the wurst May day for the straungers that euer they sawe. How say ye? doo ye subscribe, or are ye fainthearted reuolters?

Doll. Holde thee, George Bettess, ther's my hand and my

¹ *importable*] i. e. unbearable, intolerable.

hart: by the Lord, Ile make a captaine among ye, and doo somewhat to be talke of for euer after.

Wil. My maisters, ere we parte, lets freendly goe and drinke together, and sweare true secrecie vppon our liues.

Geo. There spake an angell.¹ Come, let vs along, then.

[*Exeunt.*

An arras is drawne, and behinde it (as in sessions) sit the L. Maior, Iustice SURESBIE, and other Justices; Sheriffe MOORE and the other Sherife sitting by. SMART is the plain-tife, LIFTER the prisoner at the barre. [Recorder, Officers.]

L. Mai. Hauing dispatche our weightier businesses,
We may giue eare to pettie felonies.

Master Sheriffe Moore, what is this fellowe?

Moore. My lord, he stands indited for a pursse;
He hath bin tryed, the iurie is together.

Mai. Who sent him in?

Sure. That did I, my lord:
Had he had right, he had bin hangd ere this;
The only captayne of the cutpursse crewe.

L. Mai. What is his name?

Sure. As his profession is, Lifter, my lord,
One that can lift a purse right cunningly.

L. Mai. And is that he accuses him?

Sure. The same, my lord, whom, by your honors leaue,
I must say somewhat too,² because I finde
In some respectes he is well woorthie blame.

L. Mai. Good Master Justice Suresbie, speake your minde;
We are well pleasse to giue you audience.

Sure. Heare me, Smart; thou art a foolish fellowe:
If Lifter be conuicted by the lawe,

¹ *There spake an angell*] A sort of proverbial expression, which occurs in various old plays.

² *too*] i. e. to.

As I see not how the jurie can acquit him,
He stand too't thou art guiltie of his death.

Moore. My lord, thats woorth the hearing.

L. Mai. Listen, then, good Maister Moore.

Sure. I tell thee plaine, it is a shame for thee,
With such a sum to tempte necessitie ;
No lesse then ten poundes, sir, will serue your turne,
To carie in your pursse about with ye,
To crake¹ and brag in tauernes of your monie :
I promise ye, a man that goes abroad
With an intent of trueth, meeting such a bootie,
May be prouokte to that he neuer meante.
What makes so many pilferers and fellons,
But such fond² baites that foolish people lay
To tempt the needie miserable wretche ?
Ten poundes, odd monie ; this is a prettie sum
To beare about, which were more safe at home.
Fore God, twere well to fine ye as much more

[*Lord Maior and MOORE whisper.*

To the releefe of the po[ore pri]soners,
To teache ye be * * your owne,
* * * * rightlie seru'de.
* * * * *

Moore. Good my lord, soothe a * * for once,
Only to trye conclusions³ in this case.

L. Maior. Content, good Master Moore : wee le rise awhile,
And, till the jurie can returne their verdict,
Walke in the garden.—How saye ye, Justices ?

¹ *crake*] i. e. vaunt.

² *fond*] i. e. foolish.

³ *conclusions*] i. e. experiments. The word continued to be used in this sense long after the date of the present play. "But some part of most dayes was usually spent in philosophical *conclusions*." Walton's *Life of Sir H. Wotton*.

All. We like it well, my lord ; wee le follow ye.

[*Ex. L. Maior and Iustices.*

Moore. Nay, plaintife, goe you too ;—and, officers,

[*Ex. SMART.*

Stand you aside, and leaue the prisoner
To me awhile.—Lifter, come hether.

Lift. What is your woorships pleasure ?

Moore. Sirra, you knowe that you are knowne to me,
And I haue often sau'de ye from this place,
Since first I came in office : thou seest beside,
That Justice Suresbie is thy heaue freend,
By all the blame that he pretends to Smarte,
For tempting thee with such a summe of monie.
I tell thee what ; devise me but a meanes
To pick or cutt his pursse, and, on my credit,
And as I am a Christian and a man,
I will procure thy pardon for that jeast.

Lift. Good Master Shreeue, seeke not my ouerthrowe :
You knowe, sir, I haue manie heaue freends,
And more endictments like to come vppon me.
You are too deepe for me to deale withall ;
You are knowne to be one of the wisest men
That is in England : I pray ye, Master Sheriffe,
Goe not aboute to vndermine my life.

Moore. Lifter, I am true subiect to my king ;
Thou much mistakste me : and, for thou shalt not thinke
I meane by this to hurt thy life at all,
I will maintaine the act when thou hast doone it.
Thou knowest there are such matters in my hands,
As if I please to giue them to the jurie,
I should not need this way to circumuent thee.
All that I aime at is a merrie iest :
Performe it, Lifter, and expect my best.

Lift. I thanke your woorship : God preserue your life !

But Master Justice Suresbie is gon in ;
I knowe not how to come neere where he is.

Moore. Let me alone for that ; Ile be thy setter ;
Ile send him hether to thee presently,
Vnder the couller of thine owne request,
Of priuate matters to acquainte him with.

Lift. If ye doo so, sir, then let me alone ;
Fortie to one but then his pursse is gon.

Moore. Well said : but see that thou diminish not
One penie of the monie, but giue it me ;
It is the cunning act that credits thee.

Lift. I will, good Master Sheriffe, I assure ye. [*Ex. MOORE.*]
I see the purpose of this gentleman
Is but to check the follie of the Justice,
For blaming others in a desperate case,
Wherin himselfe may fall as soone as any.
To saue my life, it is a good aduenter :
Silence there, hoe ! now dooth the Justice enter.

Ent. Iust. Suresbie.

Sure. Now, sirra, now, what is your will with me ?
Wilt thou discharge thy conscience like an honest man ?
What sayst to me, sirra ? be breefe, be breef.

Lift. As breefe, sir, as I can.—

If ye stand fayre, I will be breefe anon. [*Aside.*]

Sure. Speake out, and mumble not ; what saist thou, sirra ?

Lift. Sir, I am chargde, as God shall be my comforte,
With more then's true.

Sure. Sir, sir, ye are indeed, with more then's true,¹
For you are flatly chargde with felonie ;
You 'r chargde with more then trueth, and that is theft ;
More then a true man should be chargde withall ;
Thou art a varlet, that 's no more then true.

¹ *true*] i. e. honest.

Trifle not with me ; doo not, doo not, sirra ;
 Confesse but what thou knowest, I aske no more.

Lift. There be, sir, there be, ift shall please your woor-
 ship——

Sure. There be, varlet ! what be there ? tell me what there
 be ?

Come off or on : there be ! what be there, knaue ?

Lift. There be, sir, diuers very cunning fellows,
 That, while you stand and looke them in the face,
 Will haue your pursse.

Sure. Th'art an honest knaue :
 Tell me what are they ? where they may be caught ?
 I,¹ those are they I looke for.

Lift. You talke of me, sir ;
 Alas, I am a punie ! ther's one indeed
 Goes by my name, he puts downe all for pursses ;

* * * * *
 [*Sure.*] * * * * *

* as familiare as thou wilt, my knaue ;
 Tis this I long to knowe.

Lift. And you shall haue your longing ere ye goe.—

This fellowe, sir, perhaps will meete ye thus,
 Or thus, or thus, and in kinde complement
 Pretend acquaintaunce, somewhat doubtfully ;
 And these embraces serue ——

[*Aside.*
Action.

Sure. I, marie, Lifter, wherfore serue they ?

[*Shrugging gladly.*

Lift. Only to feele
 Whether you goe full vnder saile or no,
 Or that your lading be aboard your barke.

Sure. In playner English, Lifter, if my pursse
 Be storde or no ?

¹ I] i. e. Ay.

Lift. Ye haue it, sir.

Sure. Excellent, excellent.

Lift. Then, sir, you cannot but for manners sake
Walke on with him ; for he will walke your way,
Alleading either you haue much forgot him,
Or he mistakes you.

Sure. But in this time has he my pursse or no ?

Lift. Not yet, sir, fye !—no, nor I haue not yours.—

[*Aside.*

But now we must forbear ; my lords returne.

Ent. Lord Maior, &c.

Sure. A murren on't !—Lifter, weelee more annon :
I, thou sayst true, there are shrewde knaues indeed ;

[*He sits downe.*

But let them gull me, widgen me, rooke me, foppe me,
Yfaith, yfaith, they are too short for me.
Knaues and fooles meete when pursses goe ;
Wise men looke to their pursses well enough.

Moore. Lifter, is it doone ?

Lift. Doone, Master Shreeue ; and there it is.

Moore. Then builde vpon my woord, Ile saue
thy life.

} *Aside.*

Recor. Lifter, stand to the barre :
The jurie haue returnd thee guiltie ; thou must dye,
According to the custome.—Looke to it, Master Shreeue.

L. Maior. Then, gentlemen, as you are wunt to doo,
Because as yet we haue no buriall place,
What charitie your meaning's to bestowe
Toward buriall of the prisoners now condemnde,
Let it be giuen. There is first for me.

Recor. And thers for me.

Another. And me.

Sure. Bodie of me, my pursse is gon !

Moore. Gon, sir ! what, heere ! how can that be ?

L. Maior. Against all reason, sitting on the benche.

Sure. Lifter, I talkte with you ; you haue not lifted me ?
ha !

Lift. Suspect ye me, sir ? Oh, what a world is this !

Moore. But heare ye, Master Suresbie ; are ye sure
Ye had a pursse about ye ?

Sure. Sure, Master Shreeue ! as sure as you are there,
And in it seauen poundes, odd monie, on my faith.

Moore. Seauen poundes, odd monie ! what, were you so
madd,

Beeing a wise man and a magistrate,
To trust your pursse with such a liberall sum ?
Seauen poundes, odd monie ! fore God, it is a shame,
With such a summe to tempt necessitie :
I promise ye, a man that goes abroad
With an intent of trueth, meeting such a bootie,
May be wrought to that he neuer thought.
What makes so many pilferers and fellons,
But these fond baites that foolish people lay
To tempte the needie miserable wretche ?
Should he be taken now that has your pursse,
Ide stand too't, you are guiltie of his death ;
For, questionlesse, he would be cast by lawe.
Twere a good deed to fine ye as much more,
To the releefe of the poore prisoners,
To teache ye lock your monie vp at home.

Sure. Well, Master Moore, you are a merie man ;
I finde ye, sir, I finde ye well enough.

Moore. Nay, ye shall see, sir, trusting thus your
monie,

And Lifter here in triall for like case,
But that the poore man is a prisoner,
It would be now suspected that he had it.
Thus may ye see what mischeefe often comes
By the fond cariage of such needlesse summes.

L. Maior. Beleue me, Master Suresbie, this is straunge,
 You, beeing a man so setled in assuraunce,
 Will fall in that which you condemnd in other.

Moore. Well, Master Suresbie, theres your pursse agayne,
 And all your monie : feare nothing of Moore ;
 Wisedome still * * * the doore.¹

* * * * *

¹ *the doore*] "He [More] used, when he was in the city of London as justice of peace, to go to the sessions at Newgate, as other justices did; amongst whom it happened that one of the ancient justices of peace was wont to chide the poor men that had their purses cut, for not keeping them more warily, saying that their negligence was cause that there were so many cutpurses brought thither; which when Sir Thomas had heard him often speak, at one time especially, the night after he sent for one of the chief cutpurses that was in prison, and promised him that he would stand his good friend, if he would cut that justice's purse, whilst he sat the next day on the bench, and presently make a sign thereof unto him; the fellow gladly promiseth him to do it. The next day, therefore, when they sat again, that thief was called amongst the first, who, being accused of his fact, said that he would excuse himself sufficiently, if he were but permitted, in private, to speak to some one of the bench; he was bid therefore to chuse one whom he would; and he presently chose that grave old man, who then had his pouch at his girdle; and whilst he roundeth him in the ear, he cunningly cuts his purse, and, taking his leave solemnly, goeth down to his place. Sir Thomas, knowing by a sign that it was dispatched, taketh presently an occasion to move all the bench to distribute some alms upon a poor needy fellow that was there, beginning himself to do it. When the old man came to open his purse, he sees it cut away, and, wondering, said, that he had it when he came to sit there that morning. Sir Thomas replied in a pleasant manner, 'What! will you charge any of us with felony?' He beginning to be angry and ashamed of the matter, Sir Thomas calls the cutpurse, and wills him to give him his purse again, counselling the good man hereafter not to be so bitter a censurer of innocent men's negligence, when as himself could not keep his purse safe in that open assembly." C. More's *Life of Sir T. More*, p. 97, ed. 1828.

Enter the Earles of SHREWSBURIE and SURRIE, Sir THOMAS PALMER, and Sir ROGER CHOLMELEY.

Shrew. My lord of Surrey,¹ and Sir Thomas Palmer,
Might I with pacience tempte your graue aduise,
I tell ye true, that in these daungerous times
I doo not like this frowning vulgare brow :
My searching eye did neuer entertaine
A more distracted countenaunce of greefe
Then I haue late obseru'de
In the displeased commons of the cittie.

Sur. Tis straunge that from his princely clemencie,
So well a tempred mercie and a grace,
To all the aliens in this fruitfull land,
That this highe-creasted insolence should spring
From them that breathe from his maiestick bountie,
That, fatned with the trafficque of our countrey,
Alreadie leape into his subiects face.

Pal. Yet Sherwin hindred to commence his suite
Against De Bard by the ambassadour,
By supplication made vnto the king,
Who hauing first entic'de away his wife,
And gott his plate, neere woorth foure hundred pound,
To greeue some wronged cittizens that found
This vile disgrace oft cast into their teeth,
Of late sues Sherwin, and arrested him
For monie for the boording of his wife.

Sur. The more knaue Bard, that, vsing Sherwins goods,
Dooth aske him interest for the occupation.
I like not that, my lord of Shrewesburie :
Hees ill bested that lends a well pac'de horsse
Vnto a man that will not finde him meate.

¹ *My lord of Surrey, &c.]* Opposite this speech Tylney has written
"Mend y'."

Cholme. My lord of Surrey will be pleasant still.

Pal. I, beeing then imployed by your honors
To stay the broyle that fell about the same,
Wher by perswasion I enforc'de the wrongs,
And vrgde the greefe of the displeased cittie,
He answerd me, and with a sollemne oathe,
That, if he had the Maior of Londons wife,
He would keepe her in despiht of any Englishe.¹

Sur. Tis good, Sir Thomas, then, for you and me ;
Your wife is dead, and I a batcheler :²
If no man can possesse his wife alone,
I am glad, Sir Thomas Palmer, I haue none.

Cholme. If a³ take my wife, a shall finde her meate.

Sur. And reason good, Sir Roger Cholmeley, too.
If these hott Frenchemen needsly⁴ will haue sporte,
They should in kindnesse yet deffraye the charge :

¹ *Englishe*] This word is crossed through by Tylney, who has substituted "man."

² *I a batcheler*] The person now speaking (and of course the author did not intend that there should be *two* earls of Surrey in the play) is afterwards distinctly mentioned as being the celebrated poet,—who, at the time when the present scene is supposed to take place, was,—if indeed he yet had seen the light,—a mere infant. Nott fixes the poet's birth in January 1518 (*Mem. of Surrey*, p. ix.). Sir H. Nicolas assigns it to some period between 1516 and 1518. (*Mem. of Surrey, Aldine Poets*, p. xvi.). In Howard's *Memorials, &c. of the Howard Family*, p. 19, he is stated to have been born in 1517.

³ *a*] i. e. he.

⁴ *needsly*] i. e. necessarily. The word, though not acknowledged by dictionaries, is frequently found in our early writers:

"Thy absence makes me angrie for a while,
But at thy presence I must *needsly* smile."

Q. Mary to Brandon D. of Suffolk,—Drayton's *England's Her. Epist.* ed. 8vo. n. d.

Tis hard when men possesse our wiues in quiet,
And yet leaue vs in, to discharge their diett.

Shrew. My lord, our catours¹ shall not vse the markt
For our prouision, but some straunger² now
Will take the vittailles from him he hath bought :
A carpenter, as I was late enformde,
Who hauing bought a paire of dooues in Cheape,
Immediatly a Frencheman³ tooke them from him,
And beat the poore man for resisting him ;
And when the fellowe did complaine his wrongs,
He was seuerely punish'de for his labour.

Sur. But if the Englishe blood be once but vp,
As I perceiue theire harts alreadie full,
I feare me much, before their spleenes be coolde,
Some of these saucie aliens for their pride
Will pay for't soundly, wheresoere it lights :
This tyde of rage that with the eddie striues,
I feare me much, will drowne too manie liues.

Cholme. Now, afore God, your honors, pardon me :
Men of your place and greatnesse are to blame.
I tell ye true, my lords, in that his maiestie
Is not informed of this base abuse
And dayly wrongs are offered to his subiects ;
For, if he were, I knowe his gracious wisdom
Would soone redresse it.

Enter a Messenger.

Shrew. Sirra, what newes ?

Cholme. None good, I feare.

Mess. My lord, ill newes ; and wurse, I feare, will followe,
If speedily it be not lookte vnto :
The cittie is in an vproare, and the Maior

¹ *catours*] i. e. caterers.

² *straunger*] Crossed out by Tylney, who has substituted "Lombard."

³ *Frencheman*] Altered by the same to "Lombard."

Is threatned, if he come out of his house.

A number poore artifi[cers] * * *

 * * * * * * *

* fearde what this would come vnto :

This follows on the doctors publishing

The bill of wrongs in publique at the Spittle.

Shrew. That Doctor Beale may chaunce beshrewe¹ him-
selfe

For reading of the bill.

Pal. Let vs goe gather forces to the Maior,
For quick suppressing this rebellious route.³

Sur. Now I bethinke myselfe of Maister Moore,
One of the sheriffes, a wise and learned gentleman,
And in especiall fauour with the people :
He, backt with other graue and sober men,
May by his gentle and perswasiuie speeche
Perhaps preuaile more then we can with power.

Shrew. Beleeue me, but your honor well aduises :
Let vs make haste ; for I doo greatly feare,
Some to their graues this mornings woorke will beare.

[*Exeunt.*³

Enter three or foure Prentises of trades, with a paire of cudgelles.

Harry. Come, lay downe the cudgelles. Hoh, Robin, you met vs well at Bunhill, to haue you with vs a Mayng this morning !

Robin. Faith, Harrie, the head drawer at the Miter by the great Conduite calld me vp, and we went to breakefast into

¹ *beshrew*e] i. e. curse.

² *route*] i. e. rabble.

³ *Exeunt*] After this, the MS. has the first sketch of a scene, which subsequently occurs with considerable additions: see pp. 19-22.

St. Annes lane. But come, who beginnes? in good faith, I am cleane out of practise. When wast at Garrets schoole,¹ Harrie?

Har. Not this great while, neuer since I brake his vshers head, when he plaid his schollers prize at the Starre in Bread-streete. I vse all to George Philpots at Dowgate; hees the best backswordeman in England.

Kit. Bate me an ace of that, quoth Bolton.²

Har. Ile not bate ye a pinne on't, sir; for, by this cudgell, tis true.

Kit. I will cudgell that oppinion out of ye: did you breake an vshers head, sir?

Har. I, marie, did I, sir.

Kit. I am very glad on't: you shall breake mine too, and ye can.

Har. Sirra, I prethee, what art thou?

Kit. Why, I am a prentise as thou art; seest thou now? Ile play with thee at blunt heere in Cheapeside, and when thou hast doone, if thou beest angrie, Ile fight with thee at [sharpe] in Moore feildes. I haue a swoord to serue my turne in a fauor

* * * * *

come Julie, to serue³

¹ *Garrets schoole*] Some fencing-school; notorious, I presume, during this author's time (not during that of Sir T. More).

² *Bate me an ace of that, quoth Bolton*] See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 176, ed. 1768, and Nares's *Gloss*.

³ *to serue*] This (imperfect) scene is followed in the MS. by part of a scene (contained in a single leaf) between More, his wife, steward, and attendants, beginning—

“Now will I speake, like man in melancholy,” &c.

which belongs to a much later part of the play, and will be given afterwards.

Enter LINCOLNE,¹ [two] BETSES, WILLIAMSON, SHERWIN, and other, armed; DOLL in a shirt of maile, a headpiece, sword, and buckler; a crewe attending.

*Clo.*² Come, come; wele tickle ther turnips, wele butter ther boxes. Shall strangers rule the roste? yes; but wele baste the roste. Come, come; a flawnt, a flaunte!

George. Brother, giue place, and heare Iohn Lincolne speake.

Clo. I,³ Lincolne my leder,
And Doll my true breder,
With the rest of our crue,
Shall ran tan tarra ran;
Doo all they what they can.
Shall we be bobd,⁴ braude? no:
Shall we be hellde vnder? no;
We ar freborne,
And doo take skorne
To be vsde soe.

Doll. Pease theare, I saye! heare Captaine Lincolne speake;
Kepe silens, till we know his minde at large.

Clo. Then largelye⁵ dilliuer; speake, bullie: and he that presumes to interrupte the in this orratione, this for him.

Lincol. Then,⁶ gallant bloods, you whoes fre sowles doo skorne
To beare the inforsed wrongs of aliens,
Ad rage to ressolutione, fier the howses
Of theis audatious strangers. This is St. Martins,

¹ *Enter Lincolne, &c.*] This stage-direction is taken from the first draught of the scene (see note 3, p. 17), which in its present enlarged state has no heading.

² *Clo.*] i. e. Clown,—brother to George Betts.

³ *I]* i. e. Ay.

⁴ *bobd]* i. e. cheated.

⁵ *Clo. Then largelye, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the first sketch has—

“*All.* Agreed, agreed: speake, then, braue Captaine Lincolne.”

⁶ *Then]* First sketch, “Come.”

And yonder dwells Mutas,¹ a welthy Piccardye,²
 At the Greene Gate,³
 De Bard, Peter Van Hollocke, Adrian Martine,
 With many more outlandishe fugetiues.
 Shall theis enioy more priueledge then wee,
 In our owne cuntry ? lets, then,⁴ become ther slaues.
 Since justis kepes not them in greater awe,
 Wele be ourselues roughe ministers at lawe.

Clo. Vse no more⁵ swords, nor no more words, but fier the houses ; braue captaine, curragious, fier me ther houses.

Doll. I, for we maye as well make bonefiers on Maye daye as at midsommer : wele alter the daye in the callinder, and sett itt downe in flaming letters.

Sher. Staye ; that⁶ wold much indanger the hole cittie, Whertoo I wold not the least preiudice.

Doll. No, nor I nether ; so maie mine owne howse be burnd for companye. Ile tell ye what ; wele drag the strangers into⁷ More felde, and theare bumbaste them till they stinke againe.

Clo. And thats soone doone ; for they smell for feare all-redye.

Geor. Let some of vs enter the strangers houses, And, if we finde them theare, then bringe them forthe.

Doll. But⁸ if ye bringe them forthe eare⁹ ye finde them, Ile neare alowe of thatt.

¹ *Mutas*] Rather indistinctly written here: but in the first sketch, "Mewtas."

² *Piccardye*] First sketch, "Piccarde."

³ *the Greene Gate*] See extract from Hall, prefixed to this play.

⁴ *then*] So in first sketch. Omitted here in MS.

⁵ *Clo. Vse no more, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the first sketch has,
 "All. Fire the houses, fire the houses!"

⁶ *that*] So in first sketch. Here MS. has "no, *that*:" but this speech is evidently blank verse.

⁷ *into*] First sketch, "out *into*."

⁸ *But*] Omitted in first sketch.

⁹ *eare*] First sketch, "before."

Clo. Now, Marsse, for thie honner,
Dutch or Frenshe,
So yt be a wenshe,

Ile vppon hir. [*Exeunt*¹ SHERWIN, *Clowne*, and *others*.

Willia. Now, lads, sure² shall we labor in our saftie.
I heare the Maire hath gatherd men in armes,
And that Shreue³ More an hower agoe risseude
Some of the Privye Cownsell in at Ludgate:
Forse now must make our pease, or eles we fall;
Twill soone be knowne we ar the principall.

Doll. And what of that? if thou beest afraide, husband, go
home againe, and hide thy hed; for, by the Lord, Ile haue a
lyttill sporte, now we ar⁴ att ytt.

Geor. Lets stand vppon our swards,⁵ and, if they come,
Resseaeue them as they weare our ennemyes.

*Re-enter*⁶ SHERWIN, *Clowne*, and *others*.

Clo. A purchase,⁷ a purchase! we haue fownd, we ha
fownde —

Doll. What?

Clo. Nothings; nott a Frenshe Fleming nor a Fleming
Frenshe to be fownde; but all fled, in plaine Englishe.

Linco. How now! haue you fownd any?

Sher. No, not one; theyre all fled.⁸

¹ *Exeunt*, &c.] Here MS. has no stage-direction. First sketch, "Ex. some and Sherwin."

² *sure*] First sketch, "how" (making the line a question).

³ *Shreue*] First sketch, "Sheriffe."

⁴ *we ar*] First sketch, "I am."

⁵ *swards*] i.e. swords.—First sketch, "garde."

⁶ *Re-enter*, &c.] Here MS. has no stage-direction. First sketch, "En. Sher. and the rest."

⁷ *purchase*] i.e. prize, booty.

⁸ *No, not one; theyre all fled*] First sketch, "Not one; th'are fled."

Lincol. Then fier the houses, that, the Maier beinge busye
Aboute the quenshing of them, we maye skape ;
Burne downe ther kennells : let vs straitte awaye,
Leaste this daye¹ proue to vs an ill Maye daye.²

Clo. Fier, fier ! ile be the firste :
If hanging come, tis welcome ; thats the worste. [*Exeunt.*]³

*Enter at on dore Sir THOMAS MOORE and Lord Maire ; att
an other doore Sir JOHN MUNDAY hurt.*

L. Maior. What, Sir Iohn Munday, are you hurt ?

Sir Iohn. A little knock, my lord. Ther was even now
A sort⁴ of prentises playing at cudgells ;
I did comaund them to ther masters howses ;
But one of them, backt by the other crew,
Wounded me in the forehead with his cudgill ;
And now, I feare me, they are gon to joine
With Lincolne, Sherwine, and ther dangerous traine.

Moore. The captaines of this insurrection
Have tane themselves to armes, and cam but now
To both the Counters,⁵ wher they have releast
Sundrie indetted prisoners, and from thence
I heere that they are gonn into St. Martins,
Wher they intend to offer violence
To the amazed Lombards : therfore, my lord,
If we expect the saftie of the cittie,
Tis time that force or parley doe encownter
With thes displeased men.

¹ *Leaste this daye*] First sketch, "*Least that this.*"

² *an ill Maye daye*] i. e. an evil May-day: see ballad prefixed to the play.

³ [*Exeunt*] MS. has (in a different handwriting from the rest of the scene) "*Manett Clowne;*" which cannot be right.

⁴ *sort*] i. e. set, company.

⁵ *both the Counters*] i. e. the Counter prisons in the Poultry and Wood-street.

Enter a Messenger.

L. Maior. How now ! what newes ?

Mess. My lord, the rebells have broake open Newegate,
From whence they have deliverd manie prisoners,
Both fellons and notorious murderers,
That desperatlie cleave to ther lawles traine.

L. Maior. Vpp with the drawbridge, gather som forces
To Cornhill and Cheapside :—and, gentlemen,
If dilligence be vsde one¹ every side,
A quiet ebb will follow this rough tide.

Enter SHROWSBERIE, SURRIE, PALMER, CHOLMLEY.

Shro. Lord Maior, his maiestie, receaving notice
Of this most dangerous insurrection,
Hath sent my lord of Surry and myself,
Sir Thomas Palmer and our followers,
To add vnto your² forces our best meanes
For pacifying of this mutinie.
In Gods name, then, sett one with happie speed !
The king laments, if one true subiect bleede.

Surr. I heere they meane to fier the Lumbards howses :
Oh power, what art thou³ in a madmans eies !
Thou makst the plodding iddiott bloody-wise.

Moore. My lords, I dowt not but we shall appease
With a calm breath this flux of discontent :
To call them to a parley, questionles—

Palme. May fall out good : tis well said, Master Moore.

Moor. Letts to the simple men ; for many sweat
Vnder this act, that knowes not the lawes debtt
Which hangs vppon ther lives ; for sillie men
Plodd on they know not how, like a fooles penn,
That, ending, shoves not any sentence writt,

¹ one] i. e. on.

² your] MS. "our."

³ thou] MS. "then."

Linckt but to common reason or sleightest witt :
 Thes follow for no harme ; but yett incurr
 Self penaltie with those that raisd this stirr.
 A Gods name, one,¹ to calme our privat foes
 With breath of gravitie, not dangerous blowes ! [Exeunt.]

*Enter LINCOLN, DOLL, Clown, GEORG BETTS, WILLIAMSON,
 others ; and a Sergaunt at armes.*

Lincolne. Peace, heare me : he that will not see a red hearing at a Herry grote,² butter at alevenpence a pounce, meale at nyne shillings a bushell, and beeff at fower nobles³ a stone, lyst to me.

Geo. Bett. Yt will come to that passe, yf straingers be sufferd. Mark him.

Linco. Our countrie is a great eating country ; argo⁴ they eate more in our countrey then they do in their owne.

*Betts. Clow.*⁵ By a halfpenny loff, a day, troy waight.

Linc. They bring in straing rootes, which is meerly⁶ to the

¹ *one*] i. e. on.

² *a Herry grote*] i. e. a Harry groat,—one of the groats coined in the reign of Henry VIII. (of which there were several kinds). The latest notice of a Harry groat which I recollect to have met with, is in a rhymed letter from Shadwell in the country to Wycherley in London : while you, says Shadwell, drink bad wine,

“ we can carouse

For *Harry groat* in low thatcht house,
 With country justice or with squire,
 With sleek black pot, o're good cole fire,
 Like your true Englishmen, in ale
 Thats wholesome, nappy, cleer and stale.”

MS. in my possession.

³ *nobles*] Gold coins, worth 6s. 8d. each.

⁴ *argo*] A corruption of *ergo*.

⁵ *Betts. Clow.*] See note 2, p. 19.

⁶ *meerly*] i. e. wholly.

vndoing of poor prentizes ; for whats a sorry parsnyp to a good hart ?

William. Trash, trash ; they breed sore eyes, and tis enough to infect the cytty with the palsey.

Lin. Nay, yt has infected yt with the palsey ; for theise basterds of dung, as you knowe they growe in dvng, haue infected vs, and yt is our infeccion will make the cytty shake, which partly coms through the eating of parsnyps.

Clown. Betts. Trewe ; and pumpions¹ togeather.

Seriant. What say ye to the mercy of the king ?
Do ye refuse yt ?

Lin. You would haue vs vppon thipp,² woold you ? no, marry, do we not ; we accept of the kings mercy, but wee will showe no mercy vppon the straungers.

Seriaunt. You are the simplest things that euer stood
In such a question.

Lin. How say ye now, prentisses ? prentisses symple ! downe with him !

All. Prentisses symple ! prentisses symple !

Enter the L. Maier, SURREY, SHREWSBURY.

Maier. Hold ! in the kinges name, hold !

Surrey. Frendes, masters, countrymen——

Mayer. Peace, how,³ peace ! I charg you, keep the peace !

Shro. My maisters, countrymen——

¹ *pumpions*] i. e. pumpkins.

² *haue vs vppon thipp*] i. e. have us upon the hip. The expression appears to have been derived from hunting. Though twice used by Shakespeare, it is not of frequent occurrence: see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, under *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 3.

³ *how*] i. e. ho.—One of a hundred passages in old plays, which shew how improperly the two latest editors of Shakespeare have followed the folios in printing, “The guard!—*how*?” *Ant. and Cleop.* act iv. sc. 12.

Williamson. The noble earle of Shrewsbury, letts hear him.

Go. Betts. Weele heare the earle of Surrey.

Linc. The earle of Shrewsbury.

Betts. Weele heare both.

All. Both, both, both, both !

Linc. Peace, I say, peace ! ar you men of wisdom, or what ar you ?

Surr. What you will haue them ; but not men of wisdom.

All. Weele not heare my lord of Surrey ; no, no, no, no ! Shrewsbury, Shrewsbury !

Moor. Whiles they ar ore the banck of their obedyence, Thus will they bere downe all things.

Linc. Shreiff Moor speakes : shall we heare Shreef Moor speake ?

Doll. Letts heare him : a¹ keepes a plentyfull shreualtry, and a made my brother Arther Watchins Seriant Safes yeoman : lets heare Shreeve Moore.

All. Shreine Moor, Moor, More, Shreue Moore !

Moor. Even by the rule you haue among yoursealues, Comand still audience.

All. Surrey, Sury !

*All.*² Moor, Moor !

Lincolne.

Betts. } Peace, peace, scilens, peace.

Moor. You that haue voyce and credyt with the nvmber, Comaund them to a stilnes.

Lincolne. A plaigue on them, they will not hold their peace ; the deule³ cannot rule them.

Moore. Then what a rough and ryotous charge haue you, To leade those that the deule cannot rule ?——
Good masters, heare me speake.

¹ a] i. e. he.

² All
All] So MS.

³ deule] i. e. devil.

Doll. I, byth mas, will we, Moor : thart a good howskeeper,
and I thanck thy good worship for my brother Arthur Watchins.

All. Peace, peace.

Moor. Look, what you do offend you cry vppon,
That is, the peace, not * * of you heare present :
Had there such fellowes lyvd when you wer babes,
That could haue topt the peace, as nowe you woold,
The peace wherin you haue till nowe growne vp
Had bin tane from you, and the bloody tymes
Could not haue brought you to the state of men.
Alas, poor things, what is yt you haue gott,
Although we graunt you geat the thing you seeke ?

Bett. Marry, the removing of the straingers, which cannot
choose but much advauntage the poor handycrafts of the cytty.

Moor. Graunt them remoued, and graunt that this your
noyce

Hath chidd downe all the maiestie of England ;
Ymagin that you see the wretched straingers,
Their babyes at their backes and their poor lugage,
Plodding tooth ports and costes for transportacion,
And that you sytt as kinges in your desyres,
Aucthoryty quyte sylenct by your braule,
And you in ruff of your opynions clothd ;
What had you gott ? I'le tell you : you had taught
How insolence and strong hand shoold prevaile,
How ordere shoold be quelld ; and by this patterne
Not on¹ of you shoold lyve an aged man,
For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
With sealf same hand, sealf reasons, and sealf right,
Woold shark on you, and men lyke ravenous fishes } *murder*
Woold feed on on another.

Doll. Before God, thats as trewe as the Gospell.

Lincoln. Nay, this [is] a sound fellowe, I tell you : lets mark
him.

¹ on] i. e. one.

Moor. Let me sett vp before your thoughts, good freindes,
 On¹ supposytion ; which if you will marke,
 You shall perceau howe horrible a shape
 Your ynnovation beres : first, tis a sinn
 Which oft thapostle did forwarne vs of,
 Vrging obedience to authority ;
 And twere no error, yf I told you all,
 You wer in armes gainst your [sovereign].

All. Marry, God forbid that !

Moo. Nay, certainly you are ;
 For to the king God hath his offyce lent
 Of dread, of justyce, power and comaund,
 Hath bid him rule, and willd you to obay ;
 And, to add ampler maiestie to this,
 He hath not only lent the king his figure,
 His throne and sword, but gyven him his owne name,
 Calls him a god on earth. What do you, then,
 Rysing gainst him that God himself enstalls,
 But ryse gainst God ? what do you to your sowles
 In doing this ? O, desperat as you are,
 Wash your foule mynds with teares, and those same handes,
 That you lyke rebells lyft against the peace,
 Lift vp for peace, and your vnreuerent knees,
 Make them your feet to kneele to be forgyven !²
 Tell me but this ; what rebell captaine,
 As mutynies ar incident, by his name

¹ On] i. e. One.

² to kneele to be forgyven, &c.] Originally written :

“to kneele to be forgyven

Is safer warrs then euer you can make

Whose discipline is ryot, why euen your warrs

Cannot proceed but by obedience *what rebell captaine,*” &c.
 and before the two lines and a half were deleted, “why euen your warrs”
 was altered first to “why euen your ‘hurly,’” and afterwards to “in in
 to your obedience.”

Can still the rout? who will obey a traytor?
 Or howe can well that proclamation sounde,
 When ther is no adicion but a rebell
 To quallyfy a rebell? Youle put downe straingers,
 Kill them, cutt their throts, possesse their howses,
 And leade the maiestie of lawe in liom,¹
 To slipp him lyke a hound. Say nowe the king
 (As he is clement, yf thoffendor moorne)
 Should so much com to² short of your great trespas
 As but to banysh you, whether woold you go?
 What country, by the nature of your error,
 Should geve you harber? go you to Fraunce or Flanders,
 To any Jarman province, to Spaine or Portigall,
 Nay, any where that not adheres to England,—
 Why, you must needes be straingers: woold you be pleasd
 To find a nation of such barbarous temper,
 That, breaking out in hiddious violence,
 Woold not afoord you an abode on earth,
 Whett their detested knyves against your throtes,
 Spurne you lyke dogges, and lyke as yf that God
 Owed not nor made not you, nor that the elamentes
 Wer not all appropriat to your comfortes,
 But charterd vnto them, what woold you thinck
 To be thus vsd? this is the straingers case;
 And this your mountanish³ inhumanytye.

All. Fayth, a saies trewe: letts do as we may be doon by.

Linco. Weele be ruld by you, Maistér Moor, yf youle stand
 our freind to procure our pardon.

Moor. Submyt you to theise noble gentlemen,
 Entreate their mediation to the kinge,
 Geve vp yoursealfe to forme, obey the maiestrate,
 And thers no doubt but mercy maie be found,
 Yf you so seek.

¹ *liom*] i. e. leash.

² *to*] i. e. too.

³ *mountanish*] MS. "momtanish."

To persist in it is present death : but, if you yeeld your-
selues, no doubt what punishment you in simplicitie haue in-
curred, his highnesse in mercie will moste graciously pardon.

All. We yeeld, and desire his highnesse mercie.

[*They lay by their weapons.*]

Moore. No doubt his maiestie will graunt it you :

But you must yeeld to goe to seuerall prisons,
Till that his highnesse will be further knowne.

All. Moste willingly ; whether you will haue vs.

Shrew. Lord Maior, let them be sent to seuerall prisons,
And there, in any case, be well intreated.¹—
My lord of Surrie, please you to take horsse,
And ride to Cheapeside, where the aldermen
Are with their seuerall companies in armes ;
Will² them to goe vnto their seuerall wardes,
Bothe for the stay of further mutinie,
And for the apprehending of such persons
As shall contend.

Sur. I goe, my noble lord.

[*Ex. Sur.*]

Shrew. Weele straite goe tell his highnesse these good newes ;
Withall, Shreene Moore, Ile tell him how your breath
Hath ransomde many a subiect from sad death.

[*Ex. SHREW. and CHOLM.*]

L. Maior. Lincolne and Sherwine, you shall bothe to New-
gate ;

The rest vnto the Counters.

Pal. Goe garde them hence : a little breath well spent
Cheates expectation in his fairst euent.

Doll. Well, Sheriffe Moore, thou hast doone more with thy
good woordes then all they could with their weapons : giue me
thy hand ; keepe thy promise now for the kings pardon, or, by
the Lord, Ile call thee a plaine coniecatcher.³

¹ *intreated*] i. e. treated.

² *Will*] i. e. Desire.

³ *coniecatcher*] i. e. cheat.

Lin. Farewell, Shreeue Moore ; and as we yeeld by thee,
So make our peace ; then thou dealst honestly.

Clo. Ay, and saue vs from the gallowes, eles a deules debble¹
honestlye ! [*They are led away.*]

L. Maior. Maister Shreeue Moore, you haue preseru'de the
cittie

From a moste daungerous fierce commotion ;
For, if this limbe of riot heere in St. Martins
Had ioind with other braunches of the cittie
That did begin to kindle, twould haue bred
Great rage ; that rage much murder would haue fed.
Not steele, but eloquence hath wrought this good :
You haue redeemde vs from much threatned blood.

Moore. My lord and bretheren, what I heere haue spoke,
My countries looue, and next the citties care,
Enioynde me to ; which since it thus preuail²,
Thinke, God hath made weake Moore his instrument
To thwart seditions violent intent.
I thinke twere best, my lord, some two houres hence
We meete at the Guildehall, and there determine
That thorow euery warde the watche be clad
In armour, but especially provide
That at the cittie gates selected men,
Substantiall cittizens, doo warde to night,
For feare of further mischeife.

L. Maior. It shall be so :
But yond me thinks my lord of Shrewesburie.

Ent. SHREW.

Shrew. My lord, his maiestie sends loouing thanks
To you, your bretheren, and his faithfull subiects,
Your carefull cittizens.—But, Master Moore, to you
A rougher, yet as kinde, a salutation :

¹ *a deules debble*] i. e. a devil's dibble.

² *preuail²*] i. e. avails.

Your name is yet too short ; nay, you must kneele ;
A knights creation is thys knightly steele.

Rise vp, Sir Thomas Moore.

Moore. I thanke his highnesse for thus honoring me.

Shrew. This is but first taste of his princely fauour ;
For it hath pleased his high maiestie
(Noating your wisdomē and deseruing meritt)
To put this staffe of honor in your hand,
For he hath chose you of his Priuie Councell.

Moore. My lord, for to denye¹ my soueraignes bountie,
Were to drop precious stones into the heapes
Whence first they came ;
To vrdege my imperfections in excuse,
Were all as stale as custome : no, my lord,
My seruice is my kings ; good reason why,—
Since life or death hangs on our soueraignes eye.

L. Maior. His maiestie hath honord much the cittie
In this his princely choise.

Moore. My lord and bretheren,
Though I departe for * * my looue shall rest

* * * * *

I now must sleepe in courte, sounde sleepes forbearē ;
The chamberlain to state is publique care :
Yet, in this rising of my priuate blood,
My studious thoughts shall tend the citties good.

Ent. CROFTES.

Shrew. How now, Croftes ! what newes ?

Croftes. My lord, his highnesse sends expresse commaunde
That a record be entred of this riott,
And that the cheefe and capitall offendours
Be theron straitte arraignde, for himselfe intends
To sit in person on the rest to morrowe
At Westminster.

¹ *denye*] i. e. refuse, reject.

Shrew. Lord Maior, you heare your charge.—
Come, good Sir Thomas Moore, to court let's hye ;
You are th' appeaser of this mutinie.

Moore. My lord, farewell : new dayes begets new tides ;
Life whirles bout fate, then to a graue it slydes.

[*Exeunt seuerally.*]

Enter Master Sheriffe [with Officers], and meete a Messenger.

Sheriff. Messenger, what newes ?

Mess. Is execution yet performde ?

Sheriff. Not yet ; the cartes stand readie at the stayres,
And they shall presently away to Tibourne.

Messe. Stay, Master Shreeue ; it is the councelles pleasure,
For more example in so bad a case,
A jibbit be erected in Cheapside,
Hard by the Standerd¹ ; whether you must bring
Lincolne and those that were the cheefe with him,
To suffer death, and that immediatly.

Sheriff. It shalbe doone, sir [*Ex. Mess.*]. — Officers, be
speedie ;
Call for a jibbit, see it be erected ;
Others make haste to Newgate, bid them bring
The prisoners hether, for they here must dye :
Away, I say, and see no time be slackt.

Off. We goe, sir.

[*Ex. some seuerally ; others set vp the jibbit.*]

Sheriff. Thats well said,² fellowes ; now you doo your
dutie.—

God for his pittie help these troublous times !
The streetes stopte vp with gazing multitudes :
Commaund our armed officers with halberds

¹ *the Standerd*] See Stow's *Survey of London*, B. iii. p. 34, ed. 1720.

² *well said*] Is addressed to those who are setting up the gibbet, and is

Make way for entraunce of the prisoners ;
 Let proclamation once againe be made,
 That euery housholder, on paine of deathe,
 Keep in his prentises, and euery man
 Stand with a weapon readie at his doore,
 As he will answere to the contrary.

Off. Ile see it doone, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter another Officer.*¹

Sheriffe. Bring them away to execution :
 The writt is come abooue two houres since ;
 The cittie will be fynde for this neglect.

Off. Thers such a presse and multitude at Newgate,
 They cannot bring the cartes onto the stayres,
 To take the prisoners in.

Sheriff. Then let them come on foote ;
 We may not dally time with great commaund.

Off. Some of the benche, sir, thinke it very fit
 That stay be made, and giue it out abroad
 The execution is deferd till morning,
 And, when the streetes shall be a little cleerd,
 To chaine them vp, and suddenly dispatch it.

equivalent to—well done. So in *A Pleasant Commodie, called Looke about you*, 1600, while Richard and Gloster are fighting,—

“ *Enter Robin Hood, they breath, offer againe.*

Rob. Clashing of weapons at my welcome hyther ?
 Bickring vpon Blacke-heath ? *Well said*, olde man ;
 Ile take thy side,” &c.

Sig. I 3.

This meaning of *well said* was, I believe, first pointed out in my note on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, i. 328.

¹ *Enter another Officer*] So MS.

Sheriff. Stay ; in meane time me thinkes they come along :
See, they are comming. So, tis very well :

The prisoners are brought in, well guarded.

Bring Lincolne there the first vnto the tree.

Clo. I,¹ for I cry lug,² sir.

Lin. I knewe the first, sir, did belong to me :
This the olde prouerbe now compleate dooth make,
That Lincolne should be hangd for Londons sake.

[He goes vp.]

A Gods name, let vs to woorke. Fellowe, dispatche :

I was the formoste man in this rebellion,

And I the formoste that must dye for it.

Doll. Brauely, Iohn Lincolne, let thy death expresse,
That, as thou liu'dst a man, thou dyedst no lesse.

Lin. Doll Williamson, thine eyes shall witnesse it.—
Then to all you that come to viewe mine end
I must confesse, I had no ill intent,
But against such as wrongd vs ouer much :
And now I can perceiue it was not fit
That priuate men should carue out their redresse,
Which way they list ; no, learne it now by me,—
Obedience is the best in eche degree :
And asking mercie meekely of my king,
I patiently submit me to the lawe ;
But God forgiue them that were cause of it !
And, as a Christian, truely from my hart
I likewise craue they would forgiue me too

* * * * *

That others by example of the same
Hencefoorth be warned to attempt the like
Gainst any alien that repaireth hether.

¹ *I]* i. e. Ay.

² *I cry lug]* i. e. I cry slug, sluggard,—I am in no hurry.

Fare ye well, all : the next time that we meete,
I trust in heauen we shall eche other greete. [*He leapes off.*]

Doll. Farewell, Iohn Lincolne : say all what they can,
Thou liu'dst a good fellowe, and dyedst an honest man.

Clo. Wold I weare so farre on my journey ! the first stretch
is the werste¹, me thinks.

Sheriff. Bring Williamson there forwarde.

Doll. Good Master Shreeue, I haue an earnest suite,
And, as you are a man, deny't me not.

Sheriff. Woman, what is it ? be it in my power,
Thou shalt obtayne it.

Doll. Let me dye next, sir ; that is all I craue :
You knowe not what a comforte you shall bring
To my poore hart, to dye before my husband.

Sheriff. Bring her to death ; she shall haue her desire.

Clo. Sir, and I haue a suite to you too.

Sher. What is ytt ?

Clo. That, as you haue hangd Lincolne first, and will hange
hir nexte, so you will nott hange me at all.

Sher. Naye, you set ope the Counter gates, and you must
hange [for] the foly.

Clo. Well, then, so much for it !

Doll. Sir, your free bountie much contents my minde.
Commend me to that good shreeue Master Moore,
And tell him, had't not bin for his perswasion,
Iohn Lincolne had not hung heere as he does :
We would first haue [bin] lockt vp in Leadenhall,
And there bin burnt to ashes with the rooffe.

Sheriff. Woman, what Master Moore did was a subiects
dutie,
And hath so pleasde our gracious lord the king,
That he is hence remoou'de to higher place,
And made of counsell to his maiestie.

¹ *werste*] i. e. worst.

Doll. Well is he woorthie of it, by my troth,
 An honest, wise, well spoken gentleman ;
 Yet would I praise his honestie much more,
 If he had kept his woord, and sau'de our liues :
 But let that passe ; men are but men, and so
 Woords are but wordes, and paies not what men owe.—
 You, husband, since perhaps the world may say
 That through my meanes thou comste thus to thy end,
 Heere I beginne this cuppe of death to thee,
 Because thou shalt be sure to taste no wursse
 Then I haue taken that must goe before thee.
 What though I be a woman ? thats no matter ;
 I doo owe God a death, and I must pay him.
 Husband, giue me thy hand ; be not dismayed ;
 This charre beeing charde,¹ then all our debt is payd.
 Only two little babes we leaue behinde vs,
 And all I can bequeathe them at this time
 Is but the looue of some good honest freend,
 To bring them vp in charitable sorte :
 What, maisters ! he goes vpright that neuer haltes,
 And they may liue to mend their parents faultes.

Will. Why, well sayd, wife ; yfaith, thou cheerst my hart :
 Giue me thy hand ; lets kisse, and so lets part.

[*He kisses her on the ladder.*]

Doll. The next kisse, Williamson, shalbe in heauen.—
 Now cheerely, lads ! George Bets, a hand with thee ;
 And thine too, Rafe ; and thine, good honest Sherwin.
 Now let me tell the women of this towne,
 No straunger yet brought Doll to lying downe :
 So long as I an Englishman can see,
 Nor Frenche nor Dutche shall get a kisse of me ;

¹ *This charre beeing charde*] i. e. This work or business being despatched. The expression is not uncommon ; see, for instance, Warner's *Albions England*, p. 306, ed. 1612, and Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 182, ed. 1768.

And when that I am dead, for me yet say,
I dyed in scorne to be a straungers preye.

[*A great shout and noise [within].*]

[*Within.*] Pardon, pardon, pardon, pardon !
Roome for the Erle of Surrey, roome there, roome !

Enter SURREY.

Sur. Saue the mans life, if it be possible.

Sheriff. It is too late, my lord ; hees dead alreadie.

Sur. I tell ye, Master Sheriffe, you are too forwarde,
To make such haste with men vnto their death ;
I thinke your paines will merit little thankes,
Since that his highnesse is so mercifull
As not to spill the blood of any subiect.

Sheriff. My noble lord, would we so much had knowen !
The Councelles warrant hastened our dispatche ;
It had not else bin doone so suddenly.

Sur. Sir Thomas Moore humbly vppon his knee
Did begge the liues of all, since on his woord
They did so gently yeeld : the king hath graunted it,
And made him Lord High Chauncellour of England,
According as he woorthily deserues.
Since Lincolnes life cannot be had againe,
Then for the rest, from my dread soueraignes lippes,
I heere pronounce free pardon for them all.

All. God saue the king, God saue the king !
My good Lord Chauncellour, and the Earle of Surrey !

[*Flinging vp cappes.*]

Doll. And Doll desires it from her very hart,
Moores name may liue for this right noble part ;
And whensoere we talke of ill May daie,¹

Praise Moore * * * * *

Sur. In hope his highnesse clemencie and mercie,

¹ *ill May daie*] i. e. evil May-day : see ballad prefixed to the play.

Which in the armes of milde and meeke compassion
 Would rather clip¹ you, as the loouing nurse
 Oft dooth the waywarde infant, then to leaue you
 To the sharp rodd of justice, so to drawe you
 To shun such lewde² assemblies as beget
 Vnlawfull riots and such trayterous acts,
 That, striking with the hand of priuate hate,
 Maime your deare countrie with a publike wounde :—
 Oh God, that Mercie, whose maiestick browe
 Should be vnwrinckled, and that awefull Justice,
 Which looketh through a vaile of sufferance
 Vppon the frailtie of the multitude,
 Should with the clamours of outragious wrongs
 Be stird and wakened thus to punishment !—
 But your deserued death he dooth forgiue :
 Who giues you life, pray all he long may liue.

All. God saue the king, God saue the king !
 My good Lord Chauncellour, and the Earle of Surrey !

[*Exeunt.*

A table beeing couered with a greene carpet, a state cushion on it, and the Purse and Mace lying thereon, enter Sir THOMAS MOORE.

Moore. It is in Heauen³ that I am thus and thus ;
 And that which we prophanlie terme our fortunes
 Is the provision of the power aboue,
 Fitted and shapte just to that strength of nature
 Which we are borne [withal]. Good God, good God,
 That I from such an humble bench of birth
 Should stepp as twere vp to my countries head,
 And give the law out ther ! I, in my fathers life,

¹ *clip*] i. e. embrace.

² *lewde*] i. e. wicked, evil.

³ *It is in Heauen, &c.*] This speech was evidently intended to come in

To take prerogative and tyth of knees
 From elder kinsmen, and him bynd by my place
 To give the smooth and dexter way to me

here. In the MS. it is pasted over the first draught of the present scene, which (as far as it can now be read) runs thus :

"A table beeing couered with a greene carpet, a state cushion on it, and the Purse and Mace lying thereon, enter Sir Thomas Moore, and his man Randall with him, attyred like him.

"This must be
 newe written."

Moore. Come on, sir : are you readie ?

Ran. Yes, my lord, I stand but vppon a fewe pointes ; I shall haue doone presently. Is it your honors pleasure that I should growe proude now ?

Moore. I, I must haue thee proude, or else thou'lt nere Be neere allyed to greatnesse. Obserue me, sir.
 The learned clarke Erasmus is arriu'de
 Within our Englishe courte : this day, I heare,
 He feasteth with an Englishe honoured poett,
 The Earle of Surrey ; and I knowe this night
 The famous clarke of Roterdame will visite
 Sir Thomas Moore. Therefore, sir, acting parte,
 There take my place, furnisht with purse and mace :
 Ile see if great Erasmus can distinguishe
 Merit and outward ceremonie. Obserue me, sirra :
 Ile be thy glasse, dresse thy behauour
 According to my cariage ; but beware
 Thou talke not ouermuch, for twill betray thee :
 Who prates not oft seemes wise ; his witt fewe scan ;
 Whilste the tounge blabs tales of th' imperfect man.

Ran. I conceiue your lordship, and haue learnde your shift
 So well that I must needes be apprehensiue.

[The waites playes within.]

Moore. This musique telles vs that the earle is come
 With learnde Erasmus. Now, my Lord Chauncellour"

* * * * *

That owe it him by nature ! Sure, thes things,
 Not phisickt by respecte, might turne our bloud
 To much corruption : but, Moore, the more thou hast,
 Ether of honor, office, wealth, and calling,
 Which might accite thee to embrace and hugg them,
 The more doe thou in serpents natures thinke them ;
 Feare ther gay skinns with thought of ther sharpe state ;
 And lett this be thy maxime, to be greate
 Is when the thred of hayday is once spoun,¹
 A bottom² great woond vpp greatly vndonn.—
 Com on, sir : are you redy ?

[Enter RANDALL, attyred like Sir THOMAS MOORE.]

Randall. Yes, my lord, I stand but one³ a few points⁴ ; I shall have donn presentlie. Before God, I have practised your lordshipps shift so well, that I thinke I shall grow prowde, my lord.

Moore. Tis fitt thou shouldst wax prowde, or ells thoult nere Be neere allied to greatnes. Observe me, sirra.
 The learned clarke Erasmus is arived
 Within our English court : last night I heere
 He feasted with our honord English poet,⁵
 The Earle of Surrey ; and I learnd to day
 The famous clarke of Rotherdam will visett
 Sir Thomas Moore. Therefore, sir, take my seate ;
 You are Lord Chauncelor : dress your behaviour
 According to my carriage ; but beware
 You talke not over much, for twill betray thee :

¹ *spoun*] i. e. spun.

² *bottom*] i. e. ball of thread.

³ *one*] i. e. on.

⁴ *points*] Mean the tagged laces which fastened the hose or breeches to the doublet. A quibble, of course, is intended here.

⁵ *our honord English poet*] See note, p. 15.

Who prates not much seemes wise ; his witt few scan ;
 While the tongue blabs tales of the imperfitt man.
 Ile see if greate Erasmus can distinguishe
 Meritt and outward cerimony.

Rand. If I doe not deserve a share¹ for playing of your lordship well, lett me be yeoman vs her to your sumpter,² and be banisht from wearing of a gold chaine³ for ever.

Moore. Well, sir, Ile hide our motion⁴ : act my part
 With a firme boldnes, and thou winst my hart.

Enter the Shreive, with FAWKNER a ruffin, and Officers.

How now ! whats the matter ?

Faulk. Tugg me not, Ime noe beare. Sbloud, if all the doggs in Paris Garden⁵ hung at my tale, Ide shake em of with this, that Ile appeere before noe king cirstned but my good Lord Chauncelor.

Shre. Weele cristen you, sirra.—Bring him forward.

Moore. How now ! what tumults make you ?

Falk. The azurde heavens protect my noble Lord Chauncelor !

Moore. What fellowes this ?

Shre. A ruffian, my lord, that hath sett half the cittie in an vpprore.

Falk. My lord ——

¹ *a share*] i. e. a share in a company of actors : see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 428, sqq.

² *sumpter*] i. e. sumpter-horse.

³ *a gold chaine*] Worn formerly as a mark of distinction by the upper servant in a great family : "Call in my chief gentleman i' the chain of gold." Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*, act ii. sc. 1.

⁴ *motion*] Does not, I apprehend, mean here—puppet-play, but purpose, design.

⁵ *Paris Garden*] The bear-garden on the Bank-side, Southwark.

Shre. Ther was a fray in Paternoster-row, and because they would not be parted, the street was choakt vpp with carts.

Fauk. My noble lord, Paniar Allies throat was open.

Moore. Sirra, hold your peace.

Fauk. Ile prove the street was not choakt, but is as well as ever it was since it was a streete.

Shreu. This fellow was a principall broacher of the broile.

Fauk. Sbloud, I brocht none ; it was broacht and half ronnt out, before I had a lick at it.

Shre. And would be brought before noe justice but your honor.

Fauk. I am haild, my noble lord.

Moore. No eare to choose for every triviall noice
But mine, and in so full a time ? Away !
You wronge me, Master Shreve : dispose of him
At your owne plesure ; send the knave to Newgate.

Fauk. To Newgate ! sbloud, Sir Thomas Moore, I appeale, I appeale from Newgate to any of the two worshippfull Counters.¹

Moore. Fellow, whose man are you, that are thus lustie ?

Fauk. My names Jack Fawkner ; I serve, next vnder God and my prince, Master Morris, secretary to my Lord of Winchester.

Moore. A fellow of your haire² is very fitt
To be a secretaries follower !

Fauk. I hope so, my lord. The fray was betweene the Bishoppes men of Eelie and Winchester ; and I could not in

¹ *Counters*] See note, p. 22.

² *A fellow of your haire*] i. e. a fellow of your grain, texture, complexion, character (Sir Thomas quibbling on the word "*haire*;" see what follows). This passage shews how very unnecessarily Mr. Collier doubted Johnson's explanation of "*hair*", and how very rashly Mr. Knight altered

honor but parte them. I thought it stood not with my reputation and degree to com to my questions and aunswers before a citty justice: I knew I should to the pott.

it to "air," in the following line of Shakespeare's *First Part of K. Henry IV.* act iv. sc. 1.,

"The quality and *haire* of our attempt."——

Farther on in the MS. is a portion of the first draught of the scene with Faulkner, &c., which I now subjoin.

"Me thinkes this straunge and ruffinlike disguise

Fits not the follower of a secretarie.

Faulk. My lord, I weare my haire vppon a vow.

Shrew. But for no penaunce of your sinnes, I feare.

Sur. No, hees no haire-clothman, though he weare haire.

Moore. Faulkener, how long ist since you cutt your locks?

Faulk. Three yeares, my lord.

Moore. How long wilt be before your vow expire?

Faulk. As many yeares as since my haire was cut.

Moore. Sure, vowes are holy things, if they be made

To good intent; and, sir, you shall not say,

You were compelde by me to breake your vowe;

But till the expiration of the same,

Because I will not haue ye walke the streetes

For euery man to stand and wunder at,

I will committ ye prisoner vnto Newgate,

Except meane time your conscience giue you leaue

To dispense with the long vow that you haue made.—

Away with him!

Sur. A cell moste meete for such a votarie.

Faulk. Well, sir, and I may perhaps be bailde er't be long,
and yet weare my haire. [*They lead him out.*]

Moore. And, Master Sheriff of London,

Heere in his highnesse name we giue you charge

Continuall watche be kept throughout the cittie,

Moore. Thou hast byn ther, it seemes, to¹ late allredie.

Fauk. I know your honor is wise and so forth ; and I desire to be only cattachizd or examind by you, my noble Lord Chauncelor.

Moore. Sirra, sirra, you are a busie dangerous ruffian.

Fauk. Ruffian !

Moore. How long have you worne this haire ?

Fauk. I have worne this haire ever since I was borne.

For the suppressing of these mutinies ;
And, if hereafter any, that belong
Either to my Lord of Winchester or Elie,
Doo come into your cittie with a weapon,
Or abooue two of either faction
Shall be seene walking in the streetes together,
Or meete in tauerne or in ordinarie,
They be committed presently to prison.
Sur. And cause to be proclaind about the cittie,
That no man whatsoeuer, that belongs
Either to my Lord of Winchester or Elie,
Doo walke without the liuerie of his lord,
Either in cloke or any other garment,
That notice may be taken of the offenders.

Enter Master Morris, and ex. Sherif and the rest.

Moris. God saue your honor, my Lord Chauncellour !

Moor. Welcome, Master Morris : what newes, sir ?

Moris. I come moste humbly to entreate your honor
In the behalfe of a poore man of mine.

Moore. What ! the votarie that will not cut his haire,
Vntill the expiration of his vow ?

Moris. My lord, beeing sorie for his rude behaiour,
He hath cut his haire, and dooth conforme himselfe

* * * * * in his attire."

The remainder is pasted over.

¹ to] i. e. too.

Moore. You know thats not my question, but how long
Hath this shagg fleece hung dangling on thy head?

Fauke. How long, my lord! why, sometimes thus long, sometimes lowere, as the Fates and humors please.

Moore. So quick, sir, with me, ha? I see, good fellow,
Thou lovest plaine dealing. Sirra, tell me now,
When were you last at barbars? how longe time
Have you vppon your head woorne this shagg haire?

Fauke. My lord, Jack Faulkner tells noe Esops fables: troth.
I was not at barbars this three yeires; I have not byn cutt nor
will not be cutt, vppon a foolish vow, which, as the Destanies
shall derect, I am sworne to keepe.

Moore. When comes that vow out?

Fauk. Why, when the humors are purgd, not theis three years.

Moore. Vowes are recorded in the court of Heaven,
For they are holly acts. Yong man, I charge thee
And doe advize thee, start not from that vow:
And, for I will be sure thou shalt not shreve,¹
Besides, because it is an odious sight
To see a man thus hairie, thou shalt lie
In Newgate till thy vow and thy three years
Be full expired.—Away with him!

Fauke. My lord——

Moor. Cut of this fleece, and lie ther but a moneth.

Fauk. Ile not loose a haire to be Lord Chauncelor of Europe.

Moore. To Newgate, then! Sirra, great sinns are brede
In all that body wher thers a foule head.—

Away with him!

[*Exeunt* [all except RANDALL.]

Enter SURRY, ERASMUS, and Attendants.

Surry. Now, great Erasmus, you approach the presence
Of a most worthy learned gentleman:
This little ile holds not a trewer frend
Vnto the arts; nor doth his greatnes add

¹ *shreve*] Is it for *swerve*?

A fained florish to his worthie parts ;
 Hees great in studie ; thats the statists¹ grace,
 That gaines more reverence then the outward place.

Erasmus. Report, my lord, hath crost the narrow seas,
 And to the severall parts of Christendom
 Hath borne the fame of your Lord Chauncelor :
 I long to see him, whom with loving thoughts
 I in my studie oft have visited.
 Is that Sir Thomas Moore ?

Surry. It is, Erasmus :
 Now shall you view the honorablest scholler,
 The most religious pollititian,
 The worthiest counsailor that tends our state.
 That study is the generall watch of England ;
 In it the princes saftie, and the peace
 That shines vppon our comonwealth, are forgd
 By loiall industrie.

Erasmus. I dowl him not
 To be as neere the life of excellence
 As you proclaime him, when his meanest servaunts
 Are of some waight : you saw, my lord, his porter
 Give entertainment to vs at the gate
 In Latten good phrase ; whats the master, then,
 When such good parts shine in his meanest men ?

Surry. His lordship hath som waightie busines ;
 For, see, as yett he takes noe notice of vs.

Erasmus. I thinke twere best I did my dutie to him
 In a short Latin speech.—

*Qui in celiberima patria natus est et² gloriosa, plus habet negotii
 ut in lucem veniat³ quam qui —*

¹ *statists*] i. e. statesman's.

² *et*] MS. "ett."

³ *plus habet negotii ut in lucem veniat*] This (though vile Latinity)
 is, I believe, what the author wrote. The MS. has "*plus habet negotii
 et in lucem veniat.*"

Rand. I prythee, good Erasmus, be covered.¹ I have forsworne speaking of Lattin, [else], as I am true counsailor, Ide tickle you with a speech. Nay, sitt, Erasmus ;—sitt, good my Lord of Surry. Ile make my lady com to you anon, if she will, and give you entertainment.

Erasmus. Is this Sir Thomas Moore ?

Surry. Oh good Erasmus, you must conceave his vaine :
Hees ever furnisht² with thes conceits.

Rand. Yes, faith, my learned poet doth not lie for that matter : I am nether more nor less then mery Sir Thomas allwaies. Wilt supp with me ? by God, I love a parlous³ wise fellow that smells of a pollititian better then a long progress.

Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE.

Surry. We are deluded ; this is not his lordshipp.

Rand. I pray you, Erasmus, how longe will the Holland cheese in your countrie keepe without maggetts ?

Moore. Foole, painted barbarisme, retire thyself
Into thy first creation ! [*Exit RANDAL.*].—Thus you see,
My loving learned frends, how far respecte
Waites often on the cerimonious traine
Of base illitterat welth, whilst men of schooles,
Shrowded in povertie, are counted fooles.
Pardon, thou reverent Germaine, I have mixt
So slight a jest to the faire entertainment
Of thy most worthy self ; for know, Erasmus,
Mirth wrinckls vpp my face, and I still crave,
When that forsakes me I may hugg my grave.

Erasmus. Your honers mery humor is best phisick⁴

¹ *be covered*] i. e. put on your hat.

² *furnisht*] Read, for the metre, "furnishèd."

³ *parlous*] i. e. perilous,—excessive.

⁴ *phisick*] On the margin of MS., opposite this line, is written "*et* [aut] *tu Erasmus an* [aut] *Diabolus.*"—"But of all strangers Erasmus challenged unto himself his [More's] love most especially, which had long

Vnto your able boddy ; for we learne
 Wher mellancholly choaks the passages
 Of bloud and breth, the erectted spirit still
 Lengthens our dayes with sportfull exercise :
 Studie should be the saddest time of life,
 The rest a sport exempt from thought of strife.

Moore. Erasmus preacheth gossell against phisicke,
 My noble poet.

Surry. Oh, my lord, you tax me
 In that word poet of much idlenes :
 It is a studie that makes poore our fate ;
 Poets were ever thought vnfitt for state.

Moore. O, give not vp faire poisie, sweet lord,
 To such contempt ! That I may speake my hart,
 It is the sweetest heraldrie of art,
 That setts a difference tweene the tough sharpe holly
 And tender bay tree.

Surry. Yett, my lord,
 It is become the very logic¹ number
 To all mechanick sciences.

continued by mutual letters expressing great affection ; and increased so much that he took a journey of purpose into England to see and enjoy his personal acquaintance and more entire familiarity ; at which time it is reported how that he who conducted him in his passage procured that Sir Thomas More and he should first meet together in London at the Lord Mayor's table, neither of them knowing each other. And in the dinner time they chanced to fall into argument, Erasmus still endeavouring to defend the worser part ; but he was so sharply set upon and opposed by Sir Thomas More, that perceiving that he was now to argue with a readier wit than ever he had before met withal, he broke forth into these words, not without some choler, 'Aut tu es Morus aut nullus.' Whereto Sir Thomas readily replied, 'Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus,' because at that time he was strangely disguised, and had sought to defend impious positions." C. More's *Life of Sir T. More*, p. 92, ed. 1828.

¹ *logic*] Seems to be the reading of the MS.: but qy ?

Moore. Why, Ile show the reason :
 This is noe age for poets ; they should sing
 To the lowd canon *heroica facta* ;
*Qui faciunt reges heroica carmina laudant*¹ :
 And, as great subiects of ther pen decay,
 Even so vnphisickt they doe melt away.

Enter Master MORRIS.

Com, will your lordshipp in ?—My deere Erasmus—
 Ile heere you, Master Moris, presentlie.—
 My lord, I make you master of my howse :
 Weele banquet heere with fresh and staid delights,
 The Muses musick heer shall cheere our sprites ;
 The cates must be but meane wher scollers sitt,
 For thar made all with courses of neate witt.

[*Exeunt SURREY, ERASMUS, and Attendants.*]

How now, Master Morris ?

Moriss. I am a suter to your lordshipp in behalf of a ser-
 vaunt of mine.

Moore. The fellow with long haire ? good Master Moris,
 Com to me three years hence, and then Ile heere you.

Moris. I vnderstand your honor : but the foolish knave has
 submitted himself to the mercy of a barber, and is without,
 redy to make a new vow before your lordshipp, heerafter to
 leue cavell.

Moore. Nay, then, letts talke with him : pray, call him in.

Enter FAUKNER and Officers.

Fauk. Bless your honor ! a new man, my lord.

Moore. Why, sure, this [is] not he.

Fauk. And your lordshipp will, the barber shall give you
 a sample of my head : I am he in faith, my lord ; I am
ipse.

¹ *laudant*] MS. "lawdant."—In the *Gradus ad Par.* (in v. *Heroicus*),
 this line is attributed (by mistake, I believe) to "Ovid."

Moore. Why, now thy face is like an honest mans :
Thou hast plaid well at this new cutt, and wonn.

Faulk. No, my lord ; lost all that ever God sent me.

Moore. God sent thee into the world as thou art now,
With a short haire. How quickly are three years
Ronn out in Newgate !

Faulk. I think so, my lord ; for ther was but a haire's length
betweene my going thether and so long time.

Moor. Because I see som grace in thee, goe free.—
Discharge him, fellowes.—Farewell, Master Moris.—
Thy head is for thy shoulders now more fitt ;
Thou hast less haire vpon it, but more witt.

[*Exit.*

Moris. Did not I tell thee allwaies of thes locks ?

Faulk. And the locks were on againe, all the goldsmiths in
Cheapside should not pick them open. Shart,¹ if my haire
stand not an end when I looke for my face in a glass, I am a
polecatt. Heers a lowsie jest ! but, if I notch not that rogue
Tom barbar, that makes me looke thus like a Brownist,² hange
me ! Ile be worss to the nitticall³ knave then ten tooth drawe-
ings. Heers a head, with a pox !

Morr. What ails thou ? art thou mad now ?

Faulk. Mad now ! nayles, yf losse of hayre cannot mad a
man, what can ? I am deposde, my crowne is taken from me.
Moore had bin better a⁴ scowred Moreditch than a notcht mee
thus : does hee begin sheepesharing with Jack Faulkner ?

Morr. Nay, and you feede this veyne, sir, fare you well.

¹ *Shart*] i. e. 'S heart !

² *a Brownist*] An anachronism. Robert Brown, from whom the sect
of the Brownists derived its name, was not born till about 1547: he is
said to have been more than eighty years of age at his death, which took
place in 1630.

³ *nitticall*] i. e. lousy.

⁴ *a*] i. e. ha'—have.

Falk. Why, farewell, frost.¹ Ile goe hang myselve out of the Poll Head.² Make a Sarcen of Jack?

Morr. Thou desperate knave! for that I see the divell Wholy getts hold of thee——

Falk. The divells a dambd rascall.

Morr. I charge thee, wayte on mee no more; no more Call mee thy master.

Falk. Why, then, a word, Master Morris.

Morr. Ile heare no wordes, sir; fare you well.

Falk. Sbloud, farewell.

Morr. Why doest thou follow mee?

Falk. Because Ime an asse. Doe you sett your shavers vpon me, and then cast mee off? must I condole? haue the Fates playd the fooles? am I theire cutt?³ now the poore sconce⁴ is taken, must Jack march with bag and baggage?

[*Weapes.*

Morr. You coxcomb!

Falk. Nay, you ha poacht mee; you ha given mee a hayre; its here, heare.

Morr. Away, you kynd asse! come, sir, dry your eyes: Keepe your old place, and mend theis fooleryes.

Falk. I care not to bee tournd off, and twere a ladder, so it bee in my humor, or the Fates becon to mee. Nay, pray, sir, yf the Destinyes spin mee a fyne thred, Falkner flies another

¹ *Why, farewell, frost*] A proverbial expression. Compare Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, "And so farwell frost, my fortune naught me cost." Sig. A a 12, ed. 1632. See also Porter's *Two Angrie Women of Abington*, p. 43, Percy reprint; and Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 189, ed. 1768.

² *the Poll Head*] i. e. the Polled Head,—some tavern so called.

³ *cutt*] i. e. common labouring horse (properly, a docked one),—used here, of course, with a quibble.

⁴ *sconce*] Another quibble,—*sconce* meaning both a head and a fortification.

pitch ; and to avoyd the headach hereafter, before Ile bee a hayremonger, Ile bee a whoremonger. [*Exeunt*.¹

Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, Master ROPER, and Servingmen setting stooles.

Moore. Come, my good fellowes, stirre, be dilligent ;
Sloth is an ydle fellowe, leaue him now ;
The time requires your expeditious seruice :

¹ *Exeunt*] After this, the MS. has the original draught of the scene with Faulkner, &c. (which has been already given in note, p. 44) ; and next, the subjoined speeches, the first of which is written on the margin, and the second on a scrap of paper pasted over the latter part of the original draught just mentioned.

“ Enter a Messenger to MOORE.

Mess. My honorable lord, the Maior of London,
(*T. Goedal**) Accompanied with his lady and her traine,
Are coming hether, and are hard at hand,
To feast with you : a seriaunts come before,
To tell your lordshipp of ther neer aproche.

Moore. Why, this is cheerfull newes : frends goe and come :
Reverend Erasmus, whose delitious words
Express the very soule and life of witt,
Newlie toke sad leave of me, [and] with teares
Trubled the sillver channell of the Themes,
Which, glad of such a burden, prowldie sweld
And one her bosom bore him toward the sea :
Hees gon to Roterdam ; peace goe with him !
He left me heavy when he went from hence ;
But this recomforts me ; the kind Lord Maior,
His bretheren aldermen, with ther faire wives,

* *T. Goedal*] The actor who played the Messenger. Mr. Collier (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. cix.) says that this person was the “Goodale” who had a share in the Blackfriars theatre in 1589 ; but the Christian name of the sharer was “Baptiste ;” and here the MS. has distinctly “*T. Goedal*.” Perhaps, they were brothers.

Place me heere stooles, to set the ladyes on.—

Sonne Roper, you haue giuen order for the banquet?

Ro. I haue, my lord, and every thing is readie.

Enter his Lady.

Moore. Oh, welcome, wife ! giue you direction
How women should be plac'de ; you knowe it best.
For my Lord Maior, his bretheren, and the rest,
Let me alone ; men best can order men.

La. I warrant ye, my lord, all shalbe well.
Ther's one without that stayes to speake with ye,
And bad me tell ye that he is a player.

Moore. A player, wife !—One of ye bid him come in.

[*Ex. one.*]

Nay, stirre there, fellowes ; fye, ye are to¹ slowe !
See that your lights be in a readines :
The banquet shalbe heere.²—Gods me, madame,
Leaue my Lady Maioresse ! bothe of vs from the boord !
And my sonne Roper too ! what may our guests thinke ?

Will feast this night with vs : why, soet should be ;
Moore's mery hart lives by good companie.—
Good gentlemen, be carefull ; give great charge
Our diet be made daynty for the tast ;
For, of all people that the earth affords,
The Londoners fare richest at ther bourds.
Come, my good fellowes, &c."

Though the concluding words of the above fragment are the same as those at the commencement of the next scene, yet the fragment cannot be inserted in the text as a portion of that scene, because the fragment speaks of the Lord Mayor as about to arrive at More's house, while the scene speaks of him as having not only arrived there, but also "risen from the board."

¹ *to*] i. e. too.

² *The banquet shalbe heere*] A *banquet* meant what we now call a

La. My lord, they are risen, and sitting by the fire.

Moore. Why, yet goe you and keepe them companie ;
It is not meete we should be absent bothe. [*Ex. La.*]

Enter Player.

Welcome, good freend ; what is your will with me ?

Player. My lord, my fellowes and myselfe
Are come to tender ye our willing service,
So please you to commaund vs.

Moore. What, for a play, you meane ?
Whom doo ye serue ?

Player. My Lord Cardinalles grace.

Moore. My Lord Cardinalls players ! now, trust me, wel-
come :

You happen hether in a luckie time,
To pleasure me, and benefit yourselues.
The Maior of London and some aldermen,
His lady and their wiues, are my kinde guests
This night at supper : now, to haue a play
Before the banquet, will be excellent.—
How thinke you, sonne Roper ?

Ro. Twill doo well, my lord,
And be right pleasing pastime to your guests.

Moore. I prethee, tell me, what playes haue ye ?

Player. Diuers, my lord ; *The Cradle of Securitie*,¹
Hit nayle o'th head,² *Impacient Pouertie*,³

dessert ; and it was generally eaten in a separate room, to which the guests removed after they had dined or supped. — This speech is inconsistent with what More afterwards says (p. 66),

“ But by this time, I am sure, our banquet's readie,” &c.

¹ *The Cradle of Securitie*] Not extant. See an account of it in Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 272, sqq.

² *Hit nayle o'th head*] Not extant.

³ *Impacient Pouertie*] Not extant.

The play of Foure Pees,¹ *Diues and Lazarus*,²
Lustie Juuentus,³ and *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*.⁴

Moore. *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*! that, my lads,
 Ile none but that; the theame is very good,
 And may maintaine a liberall argument:
 To marie wit to wisdome, asks some cunning;
 Many haue witt, that may come short of wisdome.
 Weele see how Master poet playes his part,
 And whether witt or wisdome grace his arte.—
 Goe, make him drinke, and all his fellowes too.—
 How manie are ye?

Player. Foure men and a boy, sir.

Moore. But one boy? then I see,
 Ther's but fewe women in the play.

Player. Three, my lord; Dame Science, Lady Vanitie,
 And Wisdome she herselfe.

Moore. And one boy play them all? bir lady, hees loden.
 Well, my good fellowe, get ye straite together,
 And make ye readie with what haste ye may.—
 Prouide their supper gainste the play be doone,
 Else shall we stay our guests heere ouer long.—
 Make haste, I pray ye.

Player. We will, my lord.

[*Ex. Ser. and Player.*]

¹ *The play of Foure Pees*] By John Heywood. Reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i.

² *Diues and Lazarus*] Not extant. It was written by a player, if we may trust to a passage in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*: see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 272.

³ *Lustie Juuentus*] By R. Wever (for I cannot think with Mr. Collier, —*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 317, — that there is any reason for doubting that Wever was its author.) Reprinted in Hawkins's *Or. of the English Drama*, vol. i.

⁴ *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*] No such drama ever existed: see a later note.

Moore. Where are the waytes ? goe, bid them play,
To spend the time a while.

En. Lady.

How now, madame ?

La. My lord, th'are coming hether.

Moore. Th'are welcome. Wife, Ile tell ye one thing ;
Our sporte is somewhat mended ; we shall haue
A play to night, *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*,
And acted by my good Lord Cardinales players :
How like ye that, wife ?

La. My lord, I like it well.
See, they are comming.

*The waytes playes ; enters Lord Maior, so many Aldermen as
may, the Lady Maiorresse in scarlet, with other Ladies and
Sir THOMAS MOORES Daughters ; Seruauntes carying lighted
torches by them.*

Moore. Once againe welcome, welcome, my good Lord
Maior,
And bretheren all, for once I was your brother,
And so am still in hart : it is not state
That can our looue from London separte.

* * * * *
* * * naught but pride.

But they that cast an eye still whence they came,
Knowe how they rose, and how to vse the same.

L. Maior. My lord, you set a glosse on Londons fame,
And make it happie euer by your name.
Needs must we say, when we remember Moore,
Twas he that droue rebellion from our doore
With graue discretions milde and gentle breath,
Sheelding a many subiects liues from death.
Oh, how our cittie is by you renownde,
And with your vertues our endeauours crownde !

Moore. No more, my good Lord Maior : but thanks
to all,

That on so short a summons you would come
To visite him that holdes your kindnesse deere.—
Madame, you are not merie with my Lady Maioresse
And these fayre ladyes ; pray ye, seate them all :—
And heere, my lord, let me appoint your place ;—
The rest to seate themselues :—nay, Ile wearie ye ;
You will not long in haste to visite me.

La. Good madame, sit ; in sooth, you shall sit heere.

La. Mai. Good madame, pardon me ; it may not be.

La. In troth, Ile haue it so : Ile sit heere by yee.—
Good ladyes, sit.—More stooles heere, hoe !

La. Mai. It is your fauour, madame, makes me thus
Presume abooue my merit.

La. When we come to you,
Then shall you rule vs as we rule you heere.
Now must I tell ye, madame, we haue a play,
To welcome ye withall ; how good so ere,
That knowe not I ; my lord will haue it so.

Moore. Wife, hope the best ; I am sure theyle doo their
best :

They that would better, comes not at their feaste.
My good Lord Cardinalles players, I thanke them for it,
Play vs a play, to lengthen out your welcome¹ :
They say it is *The Mariage of Wit and Wisedome*,
A theame of some importe, how ere it prooue ;
But, if arte faile, wee le inche it out with looue.—
What, are they readie ?

Ser. My lord, one of the players craues to speake with
you.

Moore. With me ! where is he ?

¹ *welcome*] Followed in the MS. by a deleted line,—

“ My good Lord Maior, and all my other freends.”

Enter INCLINATION the Vise,¹ readie.²

Incli. Heere, my lord.

Moore. How now ! what's the matter ?

Incli. We would desire your honor but to stay a little ; one of my fellowes is but run to Oagles for a long beard³ for young Witt, and heele be heere presently.

Moore. A long beard for young Witt ! why, man, he may be without a beard till he come to mariage, for witt goes not all by the hayre. When comes Witt in ?

Incli. In the second scene, next to the Prologue, my lord.

Moore. Why, play on till that sceane come, and by that time Witts beard will be growne, or else the fellowe returned with it. And what part plaist thou ?

¹ *the Vise*] Concerning the Vice, an important personage of the early stage, it will be sufficient to refer the reader to Mr. Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 264, sqq.

² *readie*] i. e. dressed for the part.

³ *to Oagles for a long beard, &c.*] Here the author was thinking of his own time, not of Sir Thomas More's. In Mr. P. Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, &c.*, we find, under "Book ii. An. 1573,"—

" John Ogle for Curling of Heare made of Black silk for Discordes heade," &c.

Property-maker.

" John Owgle senior for viij long white Berdes at xx^d the peece," &c.

Habberdashers
for Beardes and
heare, &c.

Again, under "Book x. An. 1584,"—

" John Ogle for thinges by him provided and brought into the office ; viz.,

Necessaries.

For foure yeallowe heares for head attires
for woemen," &c.

pp. 21, 38, 193.

Incli. Inclination the Vice, my lord.

Moore. Gramercies, now I may take the vice if I list : and wherfore hast thou that bridle in thy hand ?

Incli. I must be bridled anon, my lord.

Moore. And thou beest not saddled too, it makes no matter, for then Witts inclination may gallop so fast, that he will outstrip Wisedome, and fall to follie.

Incli. Indeed, so he does to Lady Vanitie ; but we haue no follie in our play.

Moore. Then ther's no witt in 't, Ile be sworne : follie waites on witt, as the shaddowe on the bodie, and where witt is ripest there follie still is readiest. But beginne, I prethee : weele rather allowe a beardlesse Witt then Witt all bearde to haue no braine.

Incli. Nay, he has his apparell on too, my lord, and therefore he is the readier to enter.

Moore. Then, good Inclination, beginne at a venter.—

[*Exit* [INCLIN.]]

My Lord Maior,

Witt lacks a beard, or else they would beginne :

Ide lend him mine, but that it is too thinne.

Silence, they come.

The trompet soundes¹ ; enter the PROLOGUE.

Pro. Now, for as much as in these latter dayes,
Throughout the whole world in euery land,
Vice doth encrease, and vertue decayes,
Iniquitie hauing the vpper hand ;
We therfore intend, good gentle audience,
A prettie short enterlude to play at this present,
Desiring your leaue and quiet silence,

¹ *The trompet soundes*] The trumpet used to be sounded thrice before the commencement of a play.

*To shewe the same, as is meete and expedient.
It is called The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome,¹
A matter right pithie and pleasing to heare,
Wherof in breefe we will shewe the whole summe ;
But I must be gon, for Witt dooth appeare.* [Exit.

Enter Witt ruffling, and Inclination the Vice.

*Witt. In an arbour greene,² asleepe whereas I lay,
The birdes sang sweetely in the midst of the day,
I-dreamed fast of mirthe and play,—
In youth is pleasure, in youthe is pleasure.*

¹ *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*] *A new and Pleasaunt enterlude intituled the mariage of Witte and Science* was printed at London by Thomas Marshe, 4to, n. d. ; but it bears no resemblance to the piece now introduced, which is indeed nothing more than a portion of *Lusty Iuventus* (see note, p. 56) with alterations, and a few additions,—the additions perhaps being borrowed from some other ancient drama.

² *In an arbour greene, &c.*] Is the song with which *Lusty Iuventus* opens: and what follows in our text, till Sir Thomas More takes the part of Good Councell, is an adaptation of what I now subjoin from the same enterlude :—

“ Hipocrycye. The ground is the better on the whych she doth go ;
For she wyll make better chere with a litle whych she can get,
Then many one cane with a great banket of meate.

Iuuentus. To be in her company my hart is set ;
Therefore I praie you let vs be gone.

Felowschyp. She wyl com her selfe anone ;
For I tolde her before where we woulde stande,
And then she sayde she woulde becke vs with her hande.

Iuuentus. Now, by the masse, I perceyue that she is a gallaunde :
What, wyl she take paynes to come for vs hether ?

Hipocrycye. Yea, I warraunt you ; therefore you must be familier
with her :

When she commeth in place,
You must her embrace

*Methought I walked still to and fro,
And from her companie I could not goe ;
But when I waked, it was not so,—
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.*

Somewhat hansomlie,
Leste she thynketh danger,
Because you are a stranger,
To come in your companye.

[*Iuuentus.*] Yea, by Gods foot, that I wyll be busye; [sic]
And I may saye to you, I can play the knaue secretly.

[*Enter ABHOMINABLE LIUYNG.*]

Abhominable Liuyng. Hem, com away quickly;
The back dore is opned; I dare not tarry;
Come, Fellowship, come on, awaye.

Hipocrycye. What, vnknowne honestye? a worde:
You shall not go yet, by God I sweare;
Here is none but your frendes; you nede not to fraye,
Although thys strange yong gentelman be here.

Iuuentus. I trust in me she wyll thynke no daunger;
For I loue well the company of fayre women.

Abhominable Liuyng. Who, you? nay, ye are suche a holy man,
That to tuche one ye dare not be bolde;
I thyng [thynk] you woulde not kysse a yong woman,
Yf owne [one] would geue you xx. pound in goulde.

Iuuentus. Yes, by the masse, that I woulde:
I could fynde in my hart to kysse you in your smocke.

Abhominable Liuyng. My backe is brode enough to bare awaye that
mocke;

For one hath tolde me many a tyme,
That you haue said iou would vse no such wantons compani as myne.

Iuuentus. By dogs [Gogs] precyous woundes, that was som horson
vyllain:

I will neuer eate meate that shall do me good,
Tell [Till] I haue cut hys fleshe, by Gods precious blude.

*Therefore my hart is surely plight,¹
Of her alone to haue a sight,
Which is my ioy and harts delight,—
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.*

Moore. Marke ye, my lord, this is Witt without a bearde :
what will he be by that time he comes to the commoditie of a
bearde ?

Incli. *Oh, sir, the ground is the better on which she dooth goe ;
For she will make better cheere with a little she can get,
Then many a one can with a great banquet of meat.*

Witt. *And is her name Wisedome ?*

Incli. *I,² sir, a wife moste fitt
For you, my good maister, my daintie sweet Witt.*

Witt. *To be in her companie my hart it is set :
Therefore I prethee to let vs begon ;
For vnto Wisedome Witt hath inclination.*

Incli. *Oh, sir, she will come her selfe euen anon ;
For I tolde her before where we would stand,*

Tell me, I pray you, who it was,
And I wyl tryme the knaue, by the blessed masse.

Abhomynable Lying. Tush, as for that, do not you passe :
That which I tolde you was but for loue.

Hipocrycye. She dyd nothyng els but proue
Whether a litle thyng would you moue
To be angry and frette :
What, and if one had sayde so ?
Let such tryflyng matters go,
And be good to mens flesh for all that."

Sig. D i. ed. Copland, n. d. (where the
prefixes to the last two speeches are transposed by mistake).

¹ *plight*] In *Lusty Iuuentus* "pyght" [i. e. fixed] ; a better reading
for the sense, though a worse for the rhyme.

² *I*] i. e. Ay.

*And then she sayd she would beck vs with her hand.—
Back with these boyes and saucie great knaues !*

[Florishing his dagger.

*What, stand ye heere so bigge in your braues ?
My dagger¹ about your coxecombes shall walke,
If I may but so much as heare ye chat or talke.*

Witt. But will she take paines to come for vs hether ?

*Incli. I warrant ye ; therfore you must be familiare with
her :*

*When she commeth in place,
You must her embrace
Somewhat hansomely,
Least she thinke it daunger,
Because you are a straunger,
To come in your companie.*

*Witt. I warrant thee, Inclination, I will be busie :
Oh, how Witt longs to be in Wisedomes companie !*

Enter Lady Vanitie singing, and beckning with her hand.

*Van. Come hether, come hether, come hether, come :
Such chere as I haue, thou shalt haue some.*

*Moore. This is Lady Vanitie, Ile holde my life :—
Beware, good Witt, you take not her to wife.*

Incli. What, vnknowne honestie ? a woord in your eare.

[She offers to depart.

*You shall not be gon as yet, I sweare :
Heer's none but your freends, you need not to fray ;
This young gentleman looues ye, therfore you must stay.*

*Witt. I trust in me she will thinke no daunger,
For I looue well the companie of fayre women ;
And though to you I am a straunger,
Yet Witt may pleasure you now and then.*

¹ dagger] i. e. dagger of lath, with which the Vice was sometimes furnished.

Van. *Who, you? nay, you are such a holy man,
That to touche one you dare not be bolde;
I thinke you would not kisse a young woman,
If one would giue ye twentie pound in golde.*

Witt. *Yes, in good sadnesse,¹ lady, that I would;
I could finde in my hart to kisse you in your smock.*

Van. *My back is broade enough to beare that mock;
For it hath bin tolde me many a time
That you would be seene in no such companie as mine.*

Witt. *Not Witt in the companie of Lady Wisedome!
Oh Joue, for what doo I hether come?*

Incli. *Sir, she did this nothing else but to prooue
Whether a little thing would you mooue
To be angrie and frett:
What, and if one sayd so?
Let such trifling matters goe,
And with a kinde kisse come out of her debt.—
Is Luggins come yet with the beard?*

Enter an other Player.

Player. No, faith, he is not come: alas, what shall we doo?

Incli. Forsooth, we can goe no further till our fellowe Luggins come; for he plays Good Councell, and now he should enter, to admonishe Witt that this is Lady Vanitie, and not Lady Wisedome.

Moore. Nay, and it be no more but so, ye shall not tarie at a stand for that; wee le not haue our play marde for lacke of a little good counsell: till your fellowe come, Ile giue him the best counsell that I can.—Pardon me, my Lord Maior; I loue to be merie².——

¹ *sadnesse*] i. e. seriousness.

² *I loue to be merie*] Immediately followed in the MS. by a leaf containing the concluding portion of the present scene, which I have placed where the author intended it to stand: see p. 68.

*Oh * * Witt, thou art nowe on the bowe hand,
And blindely in thine owne oppinion doost stand.
I tell thee, this naughtie lewde Inclination
Does lead thee amisse in a very straunge fashion :
This is not Wisedome, but Lady Vanitie ;
Therefore list to Good Councell, and be ruled by me.*

Incli. In troth, my lord, it is as right to Lugginses part as can be.—*Speake, Witt.*

Moore. Nay, we will not haue our audience disappointed, if I can help it.

Witt. *Art thou Good Councell, and wilt tell me so ?
Wouldst thou haue Witt from Lady Wisedome to goe ?
Thou art some deceiuer, I tell thee verily,
In saying that this is Lady Vanitie.*

Moore. *Witt, iudge not things by the outwarde shoue ;
The eye oft mistakes, right well you doo knowe :
Good Councell assures thee vppon his honestie,
That this is not Wisedome, but Lady Vanitie.*

Enter LUGGINS with the bearde.

Incli. Oh, my lord, he is come ; now we shall goe forwarde.

Moore. Art thou come ? well, fellowe, I haue holpe to saue thine honestie a little. Now, if thou canst giue Witt any better councell then I haue doone, spare not : there I leaue him to thy mercie.

But by this time, I am sure, our banquet's readie :
My lord and ladyes, we will taste that first,
And then they shall begin the play againe,
Which through the fellowes absence, and by me,
Insted of helping, hath bin hindered.—
Prepare against we come.—*Lights there, I say !—*
Thus fooles oft times doo help to marre the play.

[*Exeunt.—Ma. Players [and enter one of them who plays the Clown].*]

Witt. Fye, fellowe Luggins, you serue vs hansomely ; doo ye not, thinke ye ?

Lug. Why, Oagle was not within, and his wife would not let me haue the beard ; and, by my troth, I ran so fast that I sweat againe.

Incli. Doo ye heare, fellowes ? would not my lord make a rare player ? oh, he would vpholde a companie beyond all hoe,¹ better then Mason among the kings players !² Did ye marke how extemptrically³ he fell to the matter, and spake Lugginsses parte almoste as it is in the very booke set downe ?

Witt. Peace ; doo ye knowe what ye say ? my lord a player ! let vs not meddle with any such matters : yet I may be a little proude that my lord hath answerd me in my parte. But come, let vs goe, and be readie to begin the play againe.

¹ *beyond all hoe*] i. e. beyond all bounds, beyond all measure (equivalent to the expressions *out of all cry* and *out of all whooping*).

² *Mason among the kings players*] Here is a difficulty which perhaps can be cleared up by those who are better skilled in stage-history than myself. If the writer really alludes to the period when the present scene is supposed to take place, the "kings players" must mean the players of Henry the Eighth. If he alludes to his own time, this portion at least of the scene must have been composed in the reign of James the First : but, as far as I can learn, no actor named Mason is known to have figured among those who were called the players of that monarch.

³ *Did ye marke how extemptrically, &c.*] "This Sir Thomas More, after he had been brought up in the Latin tongue at St. Anthony's in London, was by his father's procurement received into the house of the right reverend, wise and learned prelate Cardinal Morton, where, though he was young of years, yet would he at Christmas-tide suddenly sometimes step in among the players, and, never studying for the matter, make a part of his own there presently among them, which made the lookers on more sport than all the players beside." Roper's *Life of More*, p. 3, ed. 1822.

Lug. I,¹ thats the best, for now we lack nothing.²

Enter a Servingman.

Man. Where be theis players?

All. Heere, sir.

Man. My lord is sent for to the courte,
And all the guests doo after supper parte;
And, for he will not troble you againe,
By me for your reward a³ sends 8 angills,⁴
With many thanks. But suppe before you goe:
Yt is his will you should be farely entreatid⁵:
Follow, I praye ye.

Witt. This, Luggins, is your neelegens;
Wanting Witts beard brought things into dislike;
For otherwies the playe had bin all seene,
Wher⁶ now some curius cittisin disgraiste itt,
And discommendinge ytt, all is dismist.

Vice. Fore God, a sayes true. But heare ye, sirs: 8 angells, ha! my lord wold neuer giues⁷ 8 angells more or les for 12^d; other yt shold be 3^l, 5^l, or tenn li.; ther[s] 20^s wantinge, sure.

Witt. Twenty to one, tis soe. I haue a tricke: my lord comes; stand aside.⁸

¹ *I*] i. e. Ay.

² *lack nothing*] Here the MS. has a marginal direction, "*Enter to the players with a reward*": see note 2, p. 65.

³ *a*] i. e. he.

⁴ *angills*] Gold coins worth about 10s. each.

⁵ *entreatid*] i. e. treated.

⁶ *Wher*] i. e. Whereas.

⁷ *giues*] i. e. give's—give us.

⁸ *stand aside*] After these words, the MS. has what I now subjoin, the whole being crossed out.

"*[More]* Lord Maier and ladies, and the rest, be patiente;

Enter MOORE, with Attendants with Purse and Mace.

*Lord.*¹ In haist to counsell ! whats the busines now,
That all so late his highnes sends for me ?—
What sekst thou, fellow ?

Witt. Nay, nothings : your lordship sent 8 angills by your man, and I haue lost too of them in the rishes.²

Lord. Wytt, looke to thatt : — 8 angells ! I did send them tenn.—Who gaue³ yt them ?

Man. I, my lord ; I had no more aboute me ;
But buy and buy they shall risseaue the rest.

Lord. Well, Witt, twas wieslye donne ; thou plaist Witt well endede,⁴

The state hathe sent, and I must nedes be gone :

But frolicque on.—Lead on theare.—What seekst thou, fellow ?

[*Wit.*] Your lordship sent vs 8 angills by your man, and I haue loste one heare amongst the rishes.

[*More.*] 8 angills ! whoo dilliuerd yt ? I sent them ten.

[*S. Man.*] I, my lord, dilliuerd yt : anon they shall haue too more.

[*Wit.*] Thats more then we hard before, my lord.

[*More.*] Am I a man of righte and equetie,

Equallie to deuide true righte his owne,

And shall I haue diseauers in my house ?—

Goe pull the cote ouer the varlets eares :

Ther ar too many suche ; ile make them fuer by one.

Giue them ther dewe. Lead one [*i. e. on*], awaye.—

Come, fellowes, goe with me.”

In the last of these speeches, the words “righte and,” “ile make them fuer by one,” and “Come, fellowes, goe with me,” were deleted previous to the crossing out of the whole.

¹ *Lord*] i. e. Lord Chancellor,—*More*.

² *rishes*] i. e. rushes, with which, before the introduction of carpets, the floors used to be strewed.

³ *gaue*] MS. “gaue.”

⁴ *endede*] i. e. indeed.

Not to be thus disseaued of thy righte.—
 Am I a man, by offis truely ordaind
 Equally to denide true righte his owne,
 And shall I haue disseauers in my house?
 Then what auailes my bowntie, when such seruaunts
 Disseane the pore of what the master giues?
 Goe one, and pull his cote ouer his eares:
 Ther ar too manye such.—Giue them ther righte.—
 Witt, let thie fellowes thanke the: twas well dunn;
 Thou now disserueste to match with Ladye Wisdome.

[*Exit MOORE with Attend.*]

Vice. God a mersye, Wytt! — Sir, you had¹ a maister Sir Thomas More more; but now we shall haue more.

Lugg. God blesse him! I wold ther weare more of his minde! a loues our qualletie²; and yit hees a larnid man, and knows what the world is.

*Clo.*³ Well, a kinde man, and more loving then many other: but I thinke we ha mett with the first * * .

Luggins. First serud his man that had our angills; and he maye chaunce dine with Duke Homphrye⁴ to morrow, beinge turnde awaye to daye. Come, lets goe.

Clo. And many such rewards wold make vs all ride, and horsse vs with the best nags in Smithfelde.⁵ [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Sir, you had, &c.*] This facetiousness is, of course, addressed to the servingman, whom Sir Thomas has just discharged.

² *qualletie*] i. e. profession.

³ *Clo.*] The abbreviation of "*Clown.*"

⁴ *dine with Duke Homphrye*] If this expression (which occurs in so many old writers, and has been so frequently explained by annotators) should not be understood by the reader, I beg leave to refer him to Nares's *Gloss*.

⁵ *Smithfelde*] After this, and on the same page, the MS. has five lines, which have already occurred in a fragment (note, p. 53), as the speech of a Messenger,—

"My honnorable lord, the Maier of London," &c.

Enter the Earles of SHREWESBURIE, SURREY, Bishop of ROCHESTER, and other Lordes, seuerally, dooing curtesie to eche other ; Clark of the Councell waiting bareheaded.

Sur. Good morrowe to my Lord of Shrewesburie.

Shrew. The like vnto the honourd Earle of Surrey.

Yond comes my Lord of Rochester.

Rochest. Good morrowe, my good lordes.

Sur. Clarke of the Councell, what time ist of day ?

Clarke. Past eight of clock, my lord.

Shrew. I wunder that my good Lord Chauncellour
Dooth stay so long, considering ther's matters
Of high importaunce to be scand vppon.

Sur. Clarke of the Councell, certefie his lordship
The lordes expect him heere.

Rochest. It shall not need ;
Yond comes his lordship.

*Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, with Purse and Mace borne
before him.*

Moore. Good morrowe to this faire assemblye.
Come, my good lords, let's sit. Oh serious square !

[*They sit.*]

Vppon this little borde is dayly scande
The health and preservation of the land ;
We the phisitians that effect this good,
Now by choise diett, annon by letting blood ;
Our toyle and carefull watching brings the king
In league with slumbers, to which peace dooth sing.—
Auoyde the roome there !—
What busines, lords, to day ?

Shrew. This, my good lord ;
About the entertainment of the emperour
Gainst the perfidious Frenche into our pay.

Sur. My lords, as tis the custome in this place

The youngest¹ should speake first, so, if I chaunce
 In this case to speake youngly, pardon me.
 I will agree, Fraunce now hath her full strength,
 As hauing newe recouered the pale blood
 Which warre sluic'de foorth ; and I consent to this,
 That the coniunction of our Englishe forces
 With armes of Germanie may sooner bring
 This prize of conquest in. But, then, my lordes,
 Its in the morrall hunting twixt the lyon
 And other beastes, force ioynd * * * *
 Frighted the weaker sharers from their partes ;
 So, if the empires soueraigne chaunce to put
 His plea of partnership into warres courte,
 Swoordes should discide the difference, and our blood
 In priuate teares lament his entertainment.

Shrew. To doubt the wurst is still the wise mans sheeld,
 That armes him safely : but the worlde knowes this,
 The emperour is a man of royall faith ;
 His loue vnto our soueraigne brings him downe
 From his emperiall seate, to marche in pay
 Vnder our English flagge,² and weare the crosse,
 Like some high order, on his manly breast ;
 Thus seruing, hees not maister of himselfe,
 But, like a collonell commaunding other,
 Is by the generall ouer-awed himselfe.

Rochest. Yet, my good lord——

¹ *The youngest, &c.*] See note, p. 15.

² *to marche in pay*

Vnder our English flagge, &c.] In 1513, Henry VIII. and the Emperor Maximilian invaded France in person ; and the Emperor, to flatter Henry's vanity, wore his badge of the red rose, assumed the cross of St. George, and accepted a hundred crowns daily as the soldier of the English king. Qy. was the author aware that the incidents of the earliest part of the play belong to 1517?

Shrew. Let me conclude my speeche.
 As subiects share no portion in the conquest
 Of their true soueraigne, other then the meritt
 That from the soueraigne guerdons the true subiect ;
 So the good emperour, in a freendly league
 Of amitie with England, will not soyle
 His honor with the theft of Englishe spoyle.

Moore. There is no question but this entertainment
 Will be moste honorable, moste commodious.
 I haue oft heard good captaines wish to haue
 Riche soldiours to attend them, such as would fight
 Bothe for their liues and liuings ; such a one
 Is the good emperour : I would to God,
 We had ten thousand of such able men !
 Hah, then there would appeare no courte, no cittie,
 But, where the warres were, they would pay themselues.
 Then, to preuent in Frenche warres Englands losse,
 Let Germaine flagges waue with our Englishe crosse.

Enter Sir THOMAS PALMER.

Pal. My lordes, his maiestie hath sent by me
 These articles enclos'de, first to be viewde,
 And then to be subscribed to : I tender them
 In that due reuerence which befitts this place.

[*With great reuerence.*]

Moore. Subscribe these articles ! stay, let vs pause ;
 Our conscience first shall parley with our lawes.—
 My Lord of Rochester, viewe you the paper.

Rochest. Subscribe to these ! now, good Sir Thomas
 Palmer,
 Beseeche the king that he will pardon me :
 My hart will check my hand whilst I doo write ;
 Subscribing so, I were an hipocrite.

Pal. Doo you refuse it, then, my lord ?

Rochest. I doo, Sir Thomas.

Pal. Then heere I summon¹ you foorthwith t' appeare
Before his maiestie, to answere there
This capitall contempt.

Rochest. I rise and parte,
In lieu of this to tender him my hart. [*He riseth.*]

Pal. Wilt please your honor to subscribe, my lord?

Moore. Sir, tell his highnesse, I entreate
Some time for to bethinke me of this taske :
In the meane while I doo resigne mine office
Into my soueraignes hands.

Pal. Then, my lord,
Heare the prepared order from the king :
On your refusall, you shall strait departe
Vnto your house at Chelsey, till you knowe
Our soueraignes further pleasure.

Moore. Moste willingly I goe.—
My lordes, if you will visite me at Chelsey,
Weele goe a fishing, and with a cunning nett,
Not like weake filme, weele catche none but the great :
Farewell, my noble lordes. Why, this is right ;
Good morrowe to the sunne, to state good night !

[*Ex. MOORE.*]

Pal. Will you subscribe, my lordes?

Sur. Instantly, good Sir Thomas,
Weele bring the writing vnto our soueraigne. [*They write.*]

Pal. My Lord of Rochester,
You must with me, to answere this contempt.

Roches. This is the wurst,
Who's freed from life is from all care exempt.

[*Ex. RO. and PAL.*]

¹ *Then heere I summon*] Tylney has drawn his pen through this concluding portion of the scene, and has written on the margin "all altered."

Sur. Now let vs * * to our soueraigne.

Tis straunge that my Lord Chauncellour should refuse
The dutie that the lawe of God bequeathes
Vnto the king.

Shrew. Come, let vs in. No doubt
His minde will alter, and the bishops too :
Errour in learned heads hath much to doo. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Lady MOORE, her two Daughters, and Master
ROPER, as walking.*

Ro. Madame, what ayles yee for to looke so sad ?

Lady. Troth, sonne, I knowe not what ; I am not sick,
And yet I am not well. I would be merie ;
But somewhat lyes so heauie on my hart,
I cannot chuse but sigh. You are a scholler ;
I pray ye, tell me, may one credit dreames ?

Ro. Why ask you that, deare madame ?

Lady. Because to night I had the straungest dreame
That ere my sleep was troubled with. Me thought twas night,
And that the king and queene went on the Themes
In bardges to heare musique : my lord and I
Were in a little boate me thought,—Lord, Lord,
What straunge things liue in slumbers !—and, beeing neere,
We grapled to the barge that bare the king.
But after many pleasing voyces spent
In that still moouing musique house, me thought
The violence of the streame did seuer vs
Quite from the golden fleet, and hurried vs
Vnto the bridge, which with vnused horror
We entred at full tide : thence some slight shoote
Beeing caried by the waues, our boate stood still
Iust opposite the Tower, and there it turnde
And turnde about, as when a whirle-poole sucks
The circled waters : me thought that we bothe cryed,
Till that we sunck ; where arme in arme we dyed.

Ro. Giue no respect, deare madame, to fond¹ dreames ;
They are but slight illusions of the blood.

Lady. Tell me not all are so ; for often dreames
Are true diuiners, either of good or ill :
I cannot be in quiet till I heare
How my lord fares.

Ro. [aside.] Nor I.—Come hether, wife :
I will not fright thy mother, to interprete
The nature of a dreame ; but trust me, sweete,
This night I haue bin troubled with thy father
Beyond all thought.

Ro. Wife. Truely, and so haue I :
Methought I sawe him heere in Chelsey Churche,
Standing vppon the roodloft,² now defac'de ;
And whilst he kneeld and prayd before the ymage,
It fell with him into the vpper-quier,
Where my poore father lay all staine in blood.

Ro. Our dreames all meet in one conclusion,
Fatall, I feare.

Lady. What's that you talke ? I pray ye, let me knowe it.

Ro. Wife. Nothing, good mother.

Lady. This is your fashion still ; I must knowe nothing.
Call Maister Catesbie ; he shall straite to courte,
And see how my lord does : I shall not rest,
Vntill my hart leaue panting on his breast.

Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE merily, Seruaunts attending.

Daugh. See where my father comes, ioyfull and merie.

Moore. As seamen, hauing past a troubled storme,
Daunce on the pleasant shoare ; so I—Oh, I could speake

¹ *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.

² *the roodloft*] i. e. a loft (generally placed just over the passage out of the church into the chancel) where stood the *rood*,—an image of Christ upon the cross, with figures of the Virgin Mary and Saint John on each side of it.

Now like a poett ! now, afore God, I am passing light !—
 Wife, giue me kinde welcome : thou wast wunt to blame
 My kissing when my beard was in the stubble ;
 But I haue bin trimde of late ; I haue had
 A smoothe courte shauing, in good faith, I haue.—

[*Daughters kneele.*]

God blesse ye !—Sonne Roper, giue me your hand.

Ro. Your honor's welcome home.

Moore. Honor ! ha ha !—And how doost, wife ?

Ro. He beares himselfe moste straungely.

Lady. Will your lordship in ?

Moore. Lordship ! no, wife, that's gon ;

The ground was slight that we did leane vpon.

Lady. Lord, that your honor nere will leaue these jests !
 In faith, it ill becomes yee.

Moore. Oh, good wife,

Honor and jests are bothe together fled ;

The meriest counsellour of England's dead.

Lady. Whose that, my lord ?

Moore. Still lord ! the Lord Chauncellour, wife.

Lady. Thats you.

Moore. Certaine ; but I haue chaungde my life.

Am I not leaner then I was before ?

The fatt is gon ; my title's only Moore.

Contented with one stile, Ile liue at rest :

They that haue many names are not still best.

I haue resignde mine office : count'st me not wise ?

Lady. Oh God !

Moore. Come, breed not female children in your eyes :

The king will haue it so.

Lady. What's the offence ?

Moore. Tush, let that passe ; wee! talke of that anon.

The king seemes a phisitian to my fate ;

His princely minde would traine me back to state.

Ro. Then be his patient, my moste honord father.

Moere. Oh, sonne Roper,
Vbi turpis¹ est medicina, sanari piget!—
 No, wife, be merie ;—and be merie, all :
 You smilde at rising, weepe not at my fall.
 Let's in, and heere ioy like to priuate freenda,
 Since dayes of pleasure haue repentant ends :
 The light of greatnesse is with triumph borne ;
 It sets at midday oft with publike scorne. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Bishop of ROCHESTER, SURREY, SHREWSBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Warders with weapons.

Rochest. Your kinde perswasions, honorable lords,
 I can but thanke ye for ; but in this brest
 There liues a soule that aimes at higher things
 Then temporarie pleasing earthly kings.
 God blesse his highnesse euen with all my hart !—
 We shall meete one day, though that now we part.

Sur. We not misdoubt, your wisdome can discerne
 What best befits it ; yet in looue and zeale
 We could entreate, it might be otherwise.

Shrew. No doubt, your fatherhood will by yourselfe
 Consider better of the present case,
 And growe as great in fauour as before.

Rochest. For that, as pleaseth God. In my restrainte
 From worldly causes, I shall better see
 Into myselfe then at proude libertie :
 The Tower and I will priuately conferre
 Of things, wherin at freedome I may erre.
 But I am troublesome vnto your honors,
 And holde ye longer then becomes my dutie.—
 Master Lieutenant, I am now your charge ;
 And though you keep my bodie, yet my looue
 Waites on my king and you, while Fisher liues.

¹ *Vbi turpis, &c.*] Seneca, *Ædipus*, 517.

Sur. Farewell, my Lord of Rochester ; weele pray
For your release, and labour't as we may.

Shrew. Therof assure yourselfe ; so doo we leaue yee,
And to your happie priuate thoughts bequeath yee.

[*Ex. Lords.*

Rochest. Now, Master Lieutenant, on ; a Gods name, goe !
And with as glad a minde goe I with you
As euer trewant bad the schoole adiewe. [Exeunt.

*Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, his Lady, Daughters, Master
ROPER, Gentlemen, and Seruaunts, as in his house at
Chelsey.*

Moore. God¹ morrowe, good sonne Roper.— Sitt, good
madame, [Lowe stooles.

Vppon an humble seate ; the time so craues ;
Rest your good hart on earth, the roofe of graues :
You see the floore of greatnesse is uneuen ;
The cricket² and high throane alike neere heauen.—
Now, daughters, you that like to braunches spred,
And giue best shaddowe to a priuate house,
Be comforted, my girles ; your hopes stand faire :
Vertue breedes gentrie, she makes the best heire.

Both Daugh. God morrow to your honor.

Moore. Nay, good night rather ;
Your honor's creast-falne with your happie father.

Ro. Oh, what formalitie, what square obseruaunce,
Liues in a little roome ! heere publique care
Gaggess not the eyes of slumber ; heere fierce riott
Ruffles not proudly in a coate of trust,
Whilste, like a pawne at chesse, he keepes in ranck
With kings and mightie fellowes ; yet indeed
Those men that stand on tiptoe smile to see
Him pawne his fortunes.

¹ *God*] i. e. Good.

² *cricket*] i. e. low stool.

Moore. True, sonne, * * *
 Nor does the wanton tongue heere skrewe itselfe
 Into the eare, that like a vise drinks vp
 The yron instrument.

Lady. We are heere at peace.

Moore. Then peace, good wife.

Lady. For, keeping still in compasse, (a straunge poynte
 In times newe nauigation,) we haue sailde
 Beyond our course.

Moore. Haue doone.

Lady. We are exilde the courte.

Moore. Still thou harpste on that :
 Tis sinne for to deserue that banishment ;
 But he that nere knewe courte, courtes sweete content.

Lady. Oh, but, deare husband ——

Moore. I will not heare thee, wife ;
 The winding laborinth of thy straunge discourse
 Will nere haue end. Sit still ; and, my good wife,
 Entreate thy tongue be still ; or, credit me,
 Thou shalt not vnderstand a woord we speake ;
 Weele talke in Latine.

*Humida vallis*¹ *raros patitur fulminis ictus* ;
 More rest enioyes the subiect meanely bred
 Then he that beares the kingdome in his head.
 Great men are still musitians, else the world lyes ;
 They learne lowe straines after the noates that rise.

Ro. Good sir, be still yourselfe, and but remember
 How in this generall courte of short-liu'd pleasure,
 The worlde, creation is the ample foode
 That is digested in the mawe of tyme :

¹ *Humida vallis*, &c.] Seneca, *Hippolytus*, 1132. These words form
 part of a choral ode, and ought to be arranged thus ;

*Humida vallis raros patitur
 Fulminis ictus.*

If man himselfe be subiect to such ruine,
 How shall his garment, then, or the loose pointes¹
 That tye respect vnto his awefull place,
 Auoyde distruction? Moste honord father in lawe,
 The blood you haue bequeath'de these seuerall hartes
 To nourishe your posteritie, stands firme;
 And, as² with ioy you led vs first to rise,
 So with like harts wee le lock preferments eyes.

Moore. Close them not, then, with teares; for that ostent
 Giues a wett signall of your discontent.
 If you will share my fortunes, comfort then;
 An hundred smiles for one sighe: what! we are men:
 Resigne wett passion to these weaker eyes,
 Which prooues their sexe, but grauntes [it] nere more wise.
 Lets now suruaye our state. Heere sits my wife,
 And deare esteemed issue; yonder stand
 My loouing seruants: now the difference
 Twixt those and these. Now you shall heare me speake
 Like Moore in melanchollie.³ I conceiue that nature

¹ *pointes*] See note, p. 41.

² *And, as*] MS. "As, as."

³ *Now you shall heare me speake*

Like Moore in melanchollie] In the MS. the whole of the present speech is drawn through with a pen, as also the whole of More's next speech except the three first lines: and I apprehend that the following long fragment, which occurs early in the MS. (see note, p. 18), was intended to be wrought in here, when the play underwent a final revision.

"*Moore.* Now will I speake like man in melancholy;
 For, if greefes power could with her sharpest darts
 Pierce my firme bosome, heres sufficient cause
 To take my farewell of mirths hurtles lawes.
 Poore humbled lady, thou that wert of late
 Placde with the noblest women of the land,

Hath sundrie mettalles, out of which she frames
 Vs mortalles, eche in valuation
 Outprizing other : of the finest stuffe

Invited to their angell companies,
 Seeming a bright starre in the courtly sphere,
 Why shouldst thou, like a widow, sit thus low,
 And all thy faire consorts moove from the cloudes
 That ouerdreep thy beautie and thy worth ?
 Ile tell thee the true cause : the court, like Heauen,
 Examines not the anger of the prince,
 And being more fraile, composes of gilded earth,
 Shines vpon them on whom the king doth shine,
 Smiles if he smile, declines if he decline ;
 Yet, seeing both are mortall, court and king,
 Shed not one teare for any earthly thing ;
 For, so God pardon me, in my saddest hower
 Thou hast no more occasion to lament,
 Nor these, nor those, my exile from the court,
 No, nor this bodyes tortur, wert impose,
 (As commonly disgraces of great men
 Are the forewarnings of a hastie death,)
 Than to behold me after many a toyle
 Honord with endlesse rest. Perchance the king,
 Seeing the court is full of vanitie,
 Has pittie least our soules shuld be misled,
 And sends vs to a life contemplatiue.
 O happy banishment from worldly pride,
 When soules by priuate life are sanctifide !

Wife. O, but I feare some plot against your life !

Moore. Why, then, tis thus ; the king, of his high grace,
 Seeing my faithfull seruice to his state,
 Intends to send me to the King of Heauen
 For a rich present ; where my soule shall proue
 A true remembrer of his majestie.
 Come, prethee, mourne not : the worst chance is death,
 And that brings endlesse joy for fickle breath.

The finest features come : the rest of earth,
 Receiue base fortune euen before their birthe ;
 Hence slaues haue their creation ; and I thinke

Wife. Ah, but your children !

Moore. Tush, let them alone :

Say they be stript from this poore painted cloth,
 This outside of the earth, left houselesse, bare,
 They haue mindes instructed how to gather more ;
 Theres no man thats ingenuous can be poore :
 And therefore doo not weep, my little ones,
 Though you loose all the earth ; keep your soules
 eeuen,

And you shall finde inheritance in heauen.
 But for my seruants, theres my cheefest care.
 Come hether, faithfull steward : be not greeude
 That in thy person I discharge both thee
 And all thy other fellow officers,
 For my great master hath discharged mee.
 If thou by seruing me hast sufferd losse,
 Then benefit thyselfe by leauing mee.
 I hope thou hast not ; for such times as theese
 Bring gaine to officers, whoeuer leese :
 Great lords haue onely name ; but, in the fall,
 Lord Spend-all's stuart's master, gathers all.
 But I suspect not thee : admit thou hast,
 Its good the seruants saue when masters wast.
 But you, poore gentlemen, that had no place
 T'inrich yourselues but by loathd briberie,
 Which I abhord, and neuer found you loude,
 Thinke, when an oake fals, vnderwood shrinkes downe,
 And yet may liue, though brused : I pray ye, striue
 To shun my ruin ; for the ax is set
 Euen at my root, to fell me to the ground :
 The best I can doo to prefer you all
 With my meane store, expect ; for Heauen can tell
 That Moore loues all his followers more than well."

Nature prouides content for the base minde ;
 Vnder the whip, the burden, and the toyle,
 Their lowe-wrought bodies drudge in pacience ;
 As for the prince¹ in all his sweet-gorgde mawe,
 And his ranck fleshe, that sinfully renewes
 The noones excesse in the nights daungerous surfeits.
 What meanes or miserie from our birth dooth flowe
 Nature entitles to vs ; that we owe :
 But we, beeing subiect to the rack of hate,
 Falling from happie life to bondage state,
 Hauing seene better dayes, now know the lack
 Of glorie that once rearde eche high-fed back.
 But [you], that in your age did nere viewe better,
 Challenge not fortune for your thriftlesse debter.

Catesbie. Sir, we haue seene farre better dayes then these.

Moore. I was the patrone of those dayes, and knowe
 Those were but painted dayes, only for showe.
 Then greene not you to fall with him that gaue
 them :

Generosis seruis gloriosum mori.

Deare Gough, thou art my learned secretarie ;
 You, Master Catesbie, steward of my house ;
 The rest (like you) haue had fayre time to growe
 In sun-shine of my fortunes. But I must tell ye,
 Corruption is fled hence with eche mans office ;
 Bribes, that make open traffick twixt the soule
 And netherland of hell, deliuer vp
 Their guiltie homage to their second lordes.
 Then, liuing thus vntainted, you are well :
 Trueth is no pilot for the land of hell.

¹ *As for the prince, &c.*] If the text be right, the meaning must be—
 Nature provides content for the base mind as much as for the prince, &c.,
 the two preceding lines being parenthetical.

Enter a Seruaunt.

[*Ser.*] My lord, there are new lighted at the gate
The Earles of Surrie [and] of Shrewesburie,
And they expect you in the inner courte.

Moore. Entreate their lordships come into the hall.

[*Exit Ser.*]

Lady. Oh, God, what newes with them ?

Moore. Why, how now, wife !

They are but come to visite their olde freend.

Lady. Oh, God, I feare, I feare !

Moore. What shouldst thou feare, fond¹ woman ?

*Justum,*² *si fractus illabatur orbis, inpauidum ferient ruinae.*

Heere let me liue estraungde from great mens lookes ;

They are like golden flyes on leaden hookes.

Enter the Earles, DOWNES with his mace, and Attendants.

Shrew. Good morrowe, good Sir Thomas.

[*Kinde salutations.*]

Sur. Good day, good madame.

Moore. Welcome, my good lordes.

What ayles your lordships looke so melanchollie ?

Oh, I knowe ; you liue in courte, and the courte diett

Is only freend to phisick.

Sur. Oh, Sir Thomas,

Our woordes are now the kings, and our sad lookes

The interest of your loue ! We are sent to you

From our milde soueraigne, once more to demaund

If youle subscribe vnto those articles

He sent ye th'other day : be well aduise ;

For, on mine honor, lord, graue Doctor Fisher

Bishop of Rochester, at the selfe same instant

¹ *fond*] i. e. foolish.

² *Justum*, &c.] A mutilated quotation from Horace, *Carm.* iii. 3.

Attachte with you, is sent vnto the Tower
 For the like obstinacie : his maiestie
 Hath only sent you prisoner to your house ;
 But, if you now refuse for to subscribe,
 A stricter course will followe.

Lady. Oh, deare husband ! [*Kneeling and weeping.*]

Both Daugh. Deare father !

Moore. See, my lordes,
 This partner and these subiects to my fleshe
 Prooue rebelles to my conscience ! But, my good lordes,
 If I refuse, must I vnto the Tower ?

Shrew. You must, my lord ; heere is an officer
 Readie for to arrest you of high treason.

Lady and Daugh. Oh, God, oh, God !

Ro. Be pacient, good madame.

Moore. I,¹ Downes, ist thou ? I once did saue thy life,
 When else by cruell riottous assaulte
 Thou hadst bin torne in pieces : thou art reseru'de
 To be my sumner to yond spirituall courte.
 Giue me thy hand ; good fellowe, smooth thy face :
 The diet that thou drinkst is spic'de with mace,
 And I could nere abide it ; twill not digest,²
 Twill lye too heauie, man, on my weake brest.

Shrew. Be breefe, my lord, for we are limited
 Vnto an houre.

Moore. Vnto an houre ! tis well :
 The bell³ (earths thunder) soone shall toale my knell.

Lady. Deare loouing husband, if you respect not me,
 Yet thinke vppon your daughters. [*Kneeling.*]

Moore. Wife, stand vp ; I haue bethought me,
 And Ile now satisfye the kings good pleasure.

[*Pondering to himselfe.*]

¹ I] i. e. Ay.

² digest] i. e. digest.

³ The bell, &c.] Drawn through with a pen in MS.

Both Daugh. Oh, happie alteration !

Shrew. Come, then, subscribe,¹ my lord.

Sur. I am right glad of this your fayre conuerssion.

Moore. Oh, pardon me !

I will subscribe to goe vnto the Tower
With all submissiue willingnes, and therto add
My bones to strengthen the foundation
Of Julius Cæsars pallace. Now, my lord,
Ile satisfye the king, euen with my blood ;
Nor will I wrong your pacience.—Freend, doo thine office.

Dow. Sir Thomas Moore, Lord Chauncellour of England, I
arrest you in the kings name of high treason.

Moore. Gramercies, freend.

To a great prison, to discharge the strife
Commenc'de twixte conscience and my frailer life,
Moore now must marche. Chelsey, adiewe, adiewe !
(Straunge farewell !) thou shalt nere more see Moore true,
For I shall nere see thee more.—Servauntes, farewell.—
Wife, marre not thyne indifferent face ; be wise :
Moores widd * * husband, he must make thee rise.—
Daughters, * * * :—what's heere, what's heere ?
Mine eye had almost parted with a teare.—
Deare sonne, possesse my vertue, that I nere gaue.—
Graue Moore thus lightly walkes to a quick graue.

Ro. *Curæ leues² loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*

Moore. You that way in ; minde you my course in prayer :
By water I to prison, to heauen through ayre. [Exeunt.]

Enter the Warders of the Tower, with halbards.

1 *Ward.* Hoe, make a garde there !

2. Master Lieutenant giues a straitte commaund,
The people be auoyded³ from the bridge.

¹ *subscribe*] MS. "subscribe."

² *Curæ leues, &c.*] Seneca, *Hippolytus*, 607

³ *auoyded*] i. e. removed, cleared away.

3. From whence is he committed, who can tell?

1.¹ From Durham House, I heare.

2. The garde were waiting there an houre agoe.

3. If he stay long, heele not get neere the wharffe,
Ther's such a croude of boates vppon the Thames.

2. Well, be it spoken without offence to any,
A wiser or more vertuous gentleman
Was neuer bred in England.

3. I thinke, the poore will burie him in teares :
I neuer heard a man, since I was borne,
So generally bewailde of euery one.

Enter a Poore Woman.

What meanes this woman?—Whether doost thou presse?

1.² This woman will be trod to death anon.

2. What makest thou heere?

Wo. To speake with that good man, Sir Thomas
Moore.

2. To speake with him ! hees not Lord Chauncellour.

Wo. The more's the pittie, sir, if it pleasse God.

2. Therfore, if thou hast a petition to deliuer,
Thou mayst keepe it now, for any thing I knowe.

Wo. I am a poore woman,³ and haue had (God knowes)
A suite this two yeare in the Chauncerie ;

¹ 1.] MS. "2."

² 1.] MS. "2."

³ *I am a poore woman, &c.*] "Lykewise, euen goyng to his death at the Tower Gate, a poore woman called vnto him and besought him to declare that he had certaine euidences of hers in the tyme that he was in office (whiche after he was apprehended she could not come by) and that he would intreate she might haue them agayn, or els she was vndone. He answered, good woman haue pacience a little while, for the kyng is so good vnto me that euen within this halfe houre he will discharge me of all busynesses, and helpe thee himselfe." Hall's *Chron.* (Hen. VIII.) fol. ccxxvi. ed. 1548.

And he hath all the euidence I haue,
Which should I loose, I am vtterly vndoone.

2. Faith, and I feare thoult hardly come by am¹ now :
I am sorie for thee, euen with all my hart.

*Enter the Lords with Sir THOMAS MOORE, and Attendants, and
enter Lieutenant and Gentleman Porter.*

Woman, stand back, you must auoyde this place ;
The lords must passe this way into the Tower.

Moore. I thanke your lordships for your paines thus farre
To my strong house.

Wo. Now, good Sir Thomas Moore, for Christes deare sake,
Deliuer me my writings back againe
That doo concerne my title.

Moore. What, my olde client, are thou got hether too ?
Poore sillie wretche, I must confesse indeed,
I had such writings as concerne thee neere ;
But the king has tane the matter into his owne hand ;
He has all I had : then, woman, sue to him ;
I cannot help thee ; thou must beare with me.

Wo. Ah, gentle hart, my soule for thee is sad !
Farewell the best freend that the poore ere had.

[Exit Woman.]

Gent. Por. Before you enter² through the Towergate,
Your vpper garment, sir, belongs to me.

Moore. Sir, you shall haue it ; there it is.

[He giues him his cap.]

Gent. Por. The vpmoste on your back, sir ; you mistake me.

¹ am] i. e. 'em.

² Before you enter, &c.] "At whose [More's] landing Master Lieutenant was ready at the Tower gate to receive him, where the porter demanded of him his upper garment. Master porter, quoth he, here it is, and took off his cap and delivered to him, saying, I am very sorry it is no better for thee. No, sir, quoth the porter, I must have your gown," &c. Roper's *Life of More*, p. 72, ed. 1822.

Moore. Sir, now I understand ye very well :
But that you name my back,
Sure else my cap had bin the vppermoste.

Shrew. Farewell, kinde lord ; God send vs merie meeting !

Moore. Amen, my lord.

Sur. Farewell, deare freend ; I hope your safe returne.

Moore. My lord, and my deare fellowe in the Muses,
Farewell ; farewell, moste noble poett.

Lieu. Adewe, moste honord lords. *[Ex. Lords.]*

Moore. Fayre prison, welcome ; yet, methinkes,
For thy fayre building tis too foule a name.
Many a guiltie soule, and many an innocent,
Haue breathde their farewell to thy hollowe roomes.
I oft haue entred into thee this way ;
Yet, I thanke God, nere with a clearer conscience
Then at this houre :
This is my comforte yet, how hard soere
My lodging prooue, the crye of the poore suter,
Fatherlesse orphan, or distressed widdowe,
Shall not disturbe me in my quiet sleepe.
On, then, a Gods name, to our cloase aboade !
God is as strong heere as he is abroad.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Butler, Brewer, Porter, and Horssekeeper, severall wayes.

But. Robin brewer, how now, man ! what cheere, what cheere ?

Brew. Faith, Ned butler, sick of thy disease ; and these our other fellowes heere, Rafe horssekeeper and Gyles porter, sad, sad ; they say my lord goes to his triall to day.

Hors. To it, man ! why, he is now at it, God send him well to speed !

Por. Amen ; euen as I wishe to mine owne soule, so speed it with my honorable lord and maister, Sir Thomas Moore.

But. I cannot tell, I haue nothing to doo with matters abooue my capacitie ; but, as God iudge me, if I might speake

my minde, I thinke there liues not a more harmelesse gentleman in the vniuersall worlde.

Brew. Nor a wiser, nor a merier, nor an honester ; goe too,¹ Ile put that in vppon mine owne knowledge.

Por. Nay, and ye bate him his due of his housekeeping, hang ye all ! ye haue many Lord Chauncellours comes in debt at the yeares end, and for very housekeeping.

Horsse. Well, he was too good a lord for vs, and therefore, I feare, God himselfe will take him : but Ile be hangd, if euer I haue such an other seruice.

Brew. Soft, man, we are not dischargd yet ; my lord may come home againe, and all will be well.

But. I much mistrust it ; when they goe to rayning once, ther's euer foule weather for a great while after. But soft ; heere comes Maister Gough and Maister Catesbie : now we shall heare more.

Ent. GOUGH and CATESBIE with a paper.

Horsse. Before God, they are very sad ; I doubt my lord is condemnde.

Por. God blesse his soule ! and a figge then for all worldly condemnation.

Gough. Well said, Giles porter, I commend thee for it ; Twas spoken like a well affected seruaunte Of him that was a kinde lord to vs all.

Cate. Which now no more he shall be ; for, deare fellowes, Now we are maisterlesse, though he may liue So long as please the king : but lawe hath made him A dead man to the world, and giuen the axe his head, But his sweete soule to liue among the saintes.

Gough. Let vs entreate ye to goe call together The rest of your sad fellowes (by the roule² Y'are iust seauen score), and tell them what ye heare A vertuous honorable lord hath doone,

¹ *goe too*] i. e. go to.

² *roule*] i. e. roll.

Euen for the meanest follower that he had.
 This writing found my ladie in his studie,
 This instant morning, wherin is set downe
 Eche seruaunts name, according to his place
 And office in the house : on euery man
 He franckly hath bestowne twentie nobles,¹
 The best and wurst together, all alike,
 Which Master Catesbie heere fourth will pay ye.

Cate. Take it as it is meante, a kinde remembraunce
 Of a farre kinder lord, with whose sad fall
 He giues vp house and farewell to vs all :
 Thus the fayre spreading oake falles not alone,
 But all the neighbour plants and vnder-trees
 Are crusht downe with his weight. No more of this :
 Come, and receiue your due, and after goe
 Fellow-like hence, copartners of one woe. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, the Lieutenant, and a Seruaunt
 attending, as in his chamber in the Tower.*

Moore. Master Lieutenant, is the warrant come ?
 If it be so, a Gods name, let vs knowe it.

Lieu. My lord, it is.

Moore. Tis welcome, sir, to me with all my hart ;
 His blessed will be doone !

Lieu. Your wisdom, sir, hath bin so well approou'de,
 And your fayre pacience in imprisonment
 Hath euer shewne such constancie of minde
 And Christian resolution in all troubles,
 As warrante vs you are not vnpreparde.

Moore. No, Master Lieutenant ;
 I thanke my God, I haue peace of conscience,
 Though the world and I are at a little oddes :
 But wee be euen now, I hope, ere long.
 When is the execution of your warrant ?

¹ nobles] See note, p. 24.

Lieu. To morrowe morning.

Moore. So, sir, I thanke ye ;
I have not liu'de so ill, I feare to dye.
Master Lieutenant, I haue had a sore fitt of the stone to night ;
but the king hath sent me such a rare receipte, I thank him,
as I shall not need to feare it much.

Lieu. In life and death still merie Sir Thomas Moore.

Moore. Sirra fellowe,¹ reache me the vrinall :

[*Hee giues it him.*]

Ha ! let me see * * grauell in the water ;

* * * * *

The man were likely to liue long enoughe,
So pleasse the king.—Heere, fellowe, take it.

Ser. Shall I goe with it to the doctor, sir ?

Moore. No, saue thy labour ; wee le cossen him of a fee :
Thou shalt see me take a dramme to morrowe morning,
Shall cure the stone, I warrant ; doubt it not.—
Master Lieutenant, what newes of my Lord of Rochester ?

Lieu. Yesterday morning was he put to death.

Moore. The peace of soule sleepe with him !
He was a learned and a reuerend prelate,
And a riche man, beleeeue me.

Lieu. If he were riche, what is Sir Thomas Moore,
That all this while hath bin Lord Chauncellour ?

Moore. Say ye so, Master Lieutenant ? what doo you thinke
A man, that with my time had held my place,
Might purchase² ?

Lieu. Perhaps, my lord, two thousand pound a yeare.

¹ *Sirra fellowe, &c.*] "And further, to put him [Sir Thomas Pope] out of his melancholy, Sir Thomas More took his urinal in his hand, and casting his water, said merrily, 'I see no danger but this man may liue longer, if it please the king.'" C. More's *Life of Sir T. More*, p. 283, ed. 1828.

² *purchase*] i. e. acquire.

Moore. Master Lieutenant, I protest to you,
 I neuer had the meanes in all my life
 To purchase one poore hundred pound a yeare :
 I thinke I am the poorest Chauncellour
 That euer was in England, though I could wishe,
 For credit of the place, that my estate were better.

Lieu. Its very straunge.

Moore. It will be found as true.
 I thinke, sir, that with moste parte of my coyne
 I haue purchased as straunge commodities
 As euer you heard tell of in your life.

Lieu. Commodities, my lord !
 Might I (without offence) enquire of them ?

Moore. Croutches,¹ Master Lieutenant, and bare cloakes ;
 For halting soldiours and poore needie schollers
 Haue had my gettings in the Chauncerie :
 To thinke but what a cheate the crowne shall haue
 By my attaindour ! I prethee, if thou beest a gentleman,
 Get but a copie of my inuentorie.
 That parte of poett that was giuen me,
 Made me a very vnthrift ;
 For this is the disease attends vs all,
 Poets were neuer thriftie, neuer shall.

Enter Lady MOORE mourning, Daughters, Master ROPER.

Lieu. Oh, noble Moore !——
 My lord, your wife, your sonne in lawe, and daughters.

Moore. Sonne Roper, welcome ;—welcome, wife, and girles.
 Why doo you weepe ? because I liue at ease ?
 Did you not see, when I was Chauncellour,
 I was so clogde with suters euery houre,
 I could not sleepe, nor dine, nor suppe in quiet ?
 Heer's none of this ; heere I can sit and talke

¹ *Croutches*] i. e. Crutches.

With my honest keeper halfe a day together,
Laugh and be merie : why, then, should you weepe ?

Ro. These teares, my lord, for this your long restraint
Hope had dried vp, with comfort that we yet,
Although imprisond, might haue had your life.

Moore. To liue in prison, what a life were that !
The king (I thanke him) looues me more then so.
To morrowe I shall be at libertie
To goe euen whether I can,
After I haue dispatche my busines.

Lady. Ah, husband, husband, yet submit yourselfe !
Haue care of your poore wife and children.

Moore. Wife, so I haue ; and I doo leaue you all
To his protection hath the power to keepe you
Safer then I can,—

The father of the widdowe and the orphan.

Ro. The world, my lord, hath euer held you wise ;
And't shall be no distaste vnto your wisdom, e,
To yeeld to the opinion of the state.

Moore. I haue deceiu'de myselfe, I must acknowledge ;
And, as you say, sonne Roper, to confesse the same,
It will be no disparagement at all.

Lady. His highnesse shall be certefied therof

[Offering to departe.

Immediatly.

Moore. Nay, heare me, wife ; first let me tell ye how :
I thought to haue had a barber for my beard ;
Now, I remember, that were labour lost,
The headsman now shall cut off head and all.

Ro. Wife. Father, his maiestie, vppon your meeke sub-
mission,
Will yet (they say) receiue you to his grace
In as gréat credit as you were before.

Moore. * * * * *
Has appoynted me to doo a little busines.

If that were past, my girle, thou then shouldst see
 What I would say to him about that matter ;
 But I shall be so busie vntill then,
 I shall not tend it.

Daugh. Ah, my deare father !

Lady. Deare lord and husband !

Moore. Be comforted, good wife, to liue and looue my
 children ;

For with thee leaue I all my care of them.—
 Sonne Roper, for my sake that haue loou'de thee well,
 And for her vertues sake, cherishe my childe.—
 Girle, be not proude, but of thy husbands looue ;
 Euer retaine thy vertuous modestie ;
 That modestie is such a comely garment
 As it is neuer out of fashion,¹ fits as faire
 Vppon the meaner woman as the empresse ;
 No stuffe that golde can buye is halfe so riche,
 Nor ornament that so becomes a woman.
 Liue all and looue together, and therby
 You giue your father a riche obsequye.

Both Daugh. Your blessing, deare father.

Moore. I must be gon—God blesse you !—
 To talke with God, who now dooth call.

Lady. A,² my deare husband !

Moore. Sweet wife, good night, good night :
 God send vs all his euerlasting light !

Ro. I thinke, before this houre,
 More heauiie harts nere parted in the Tower. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Sheriffes of London and their Officers at one doore,
 the Warders with their halbards at another.*

2 Sher. Officers, what time of day ist ?

Offi. Almoste eight a clock.

¹ *fashion*] MS. seems to have "fashis."

² *A*] i. e. Ah.

2 *Sher.* We must make [haste] then, least we stay to long.

2 *Ward.* Good morrowe, Master Shreeues of London ;
Master Lieutenant

Willes ye repaire to the limits of the Tower,
There to receiue your prisoner.

1 *Sher.*¹ Goe back, and tell his woorship we are readie.

2 *Sher.* Goe bid the officers make cleare the way,
There may be passage for the prisoner.

Enter Lieutenant and his Guard, with MOORE.

Moore. Yet, God be thanked, heer's a faire day toward,
To take our iourney in. Master Lieutenant,
It were faire walking on the Tower leades.

Lieu. And so it might haue likte my soueraigne lord,
I would to God you might haue walkte there still !

[*He weepes.*

Moore. Sir, we are walking to a better place.
Oh, sir, your kinde and loouing teares
Are like sweete odours to embalme your freend !
Thanke your good lady ; since I was your guest,
She has made me a very wanton,² in good sooth.

Lieu. Oh, I had hopte we should not yet haue parted !

Moore. But I must leaue ye for a little while :
Within an houre or two you may looke for me ;
But there will be so many come to see me,
That I shall be so proude, I will not speake ;

¹ 1 *Sher.*] MS. "2 *Sher.*"

² *She has made me a very wanton*] Here "*wanton*" is equivalent to—fondling, pet.—"I find no cause, I thank God, Meg," said More to his daughter when she visited him in the Tower, "to reckon myself in worse case here than in mine own house, for me thinketh God maketh me a *wanton*, and setteth me on his lap and dandleth me." Roper's *Life of More*, p. 73, ed. 1822.

And, sure, my memorie is growne so ill,
I feare I shall forget my head behinde me.

Lieu. God and his blessed angelles be about ye !—
Heere, Master Shreeues, receiue your prisoner.

Moore. Good morrowe, Master Shreeues of London, to ye
bothe :

I thanke ye that ye will vouchsafe to meete me ;
I see by this you haue not quite forgot
That I was in times past, as you are now,
A sheriffe of London.

2 *Sher.* Sir, then you knowe our dutie dooth require it.

Moore. I knowe it well, sir, else I would haue bin glad
You might haue sau'de a labour at this time.
Ah, Master Sheriffe, you and I haue bin of olde acquaintaunce !
you were a pacient auditor of mine, when I read the diuinitie
lecture at St. Lauraunces.¹

2 *Sher.* Sir Thomas Moore, I haue heard you oft,
As many other did, to our great comforte.

Moore. Pray God, you may so now, with all my hart !
And, as I call to minde,
When I studyed the lawe in Lincolnes Inne,
I was of counsell with ye in a cause.

2 *Sher.* I was about to say so, good Sir Thomas.

* * * * *

Moore. Oh, is this the place ?
I promise ye, it is a goodly scaffold :
In sooth, I am come about a headlesse arrand,
For I haue not much to say, now I am heere.

¹ *when I read the diuinitie lecture at St. Lauraunces*] "After this [i.e. after he had become an utter barrister of Lincoln's Inn], to his great commendations, he read for a good space a public lecture of St. Augustine *de Civitate Dei*, in the church of St. Lawrence in the old Jury, whereunto there resorted Doctor Grocyn an excellent cunning man, and all the chief learned of the city of London." Roper's *Life of More*, p. 5, ed. 1822.

Well, let's ascend, a Gods name :
 In troth, me thinkes, your stayre¹ is somewhat weake ;
 I prethee, honest freend, lend me thy hand
 To help me vp ; as for my comming downe,
 Let me alone, Ile looke to that myselfe.

*As he is going vp the stayres, enters the Earles of SURRYE
 and SHREWSBURIE.*

My Lords of Surrey and of Shrewesburie, giue me your hands. Yet before we * * ye see, though it pleaseth the king to raise me thus high, yet I am not p[roud], for the higher I mounte, the better I can see my freends about me. I am now [on a] farre voyage, and this straunge woodden horsse must beare me thether ; yet [I per]ceiue by your looks you like my bargaine so ill, that ther's not one of ye all dare venter with me. Truly, heers a moste sweet gallerie ; I like the ayre *Walking.* of it better then my garden at Chelsey. By your pacience, good people, that haue prest thus into my bedchamber, if youle not trouble me, Ile take a sound sleepe heere.

Shrew. My lord, twere good you'd publishe to the worlde Your great offence vnto his maiestie.

Moore. My lord, Ile bequeathe this legacie to the hangman, *Giues him his gowne.* and doo it instantly. I confesse, his maiestie hath bin euer good to me ; and my offence to his highnesse makes me of a state pleader a stage player (though I am olde, and haue a bad voyce), to act this last sceane of my tragedie. Ile send him (for my trespassse) a reuerend head, somewhat balde ; for it is not requisite any head should stand couerd to so high maiestie : if that content him not, because I thinke my bodie will then do me small pleasure, let him but burie it, and take it.

¹ *In troth, me thinkes, your stayre, &c.]* " And so was he by Master Lieutenant brought out of the Tower, and from thence led towards the place of execution. Where going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, he said merrily to the Lieutenant, ' I pray you,

Sur. My lord, my lord, holde conference with your soule ;
You see, my lord, the time of life is short.

Moore. I see it, my good lord ; I dispatchte that busines the
last night. I come hether only to be let blood ; my doctor
heere telles me it is good for the headache.

Hang. I beseeche ye, my lord, forgiue me !¹

Moore. Forgiue thee, honest fellowe ! why ?

Hang. For your death, my lord.

Moore. O, my death ? I had rather it were in thy power
to forgiue me, for thou hast the sharpest action against me ;
the lawe, my honest freend, lyes in thy hands now : hers thy
His pursse. fee ; and, my good fellowe, let my suite be dispatchte presently ;
for tis all one payne, to dye a lingering death, and to liue in
the continuall mill of a lawe suite. But I can tell thee, my
neck is so short, that, if thou shouldst behead an hundred
noblemen like myselfe, thou wouldst nere get credit by it ;
therefore (looke ye, sir), doo it hansomely, or, of my woord,
thou shalt neuer deale with me heerafter.

Hang. Ile take an order for that, my lord.

Moore. One thing more ; take heed thou cutst not off my
beard : oh, I forgot ; execution past vppon that last night,

Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift
for myself.' " Roper's *Life of More*, p. 94, ed. 1822.

¹ *Hang. I beseeche ye, my lord, forgiue me, &c*] "*Hang.*" is, of
course, *Hangman* : his entrance is not marked in the MS. ; and we are
to suppose that he is standing on the scaffold when More ascends it.—
" Also the hangman kneled doune to him askyng him forgeuenes of
his death (as the maner is), to whom he sayd, I forgeue thee, but I
promise thee that thou shalt neuer haue honestie of the strykyng of my
head, my necke is so short. Also euen when he shuld lay doune his
head on the blocke, he hauyng a great gray beard, striked out his beard,
and sayd to the hangman, I pray you let me lay my beard ouer the blocke,
least ye should cut it." Hall's *Chron.* (*Hen. VIII.*) fol. ccxxvi. ed. 1548.

" Which done, he kneeled down, and, after his prayers said, turned to

and the bodie of it lies buried in the Tower.¹—Stay ; ist not possible to make a scape from all this strong guarde ? it is.

There is a thing within me, that will raise
And eleuate my better parte boue sight
Of these same weaker eyes : and, Master Shreeues,
For all this troupe of steele that tends my death,
I shall breake from you, and flye vp to heauen.
Lets seeke the meanes for this.

Hang. My lord, I pray ye,² put off your doublet.

Moore. Speake not so coldely to me ; I am hoarse alreadie ;
I would be lothe, good fellowe, to take more.
Point me the block ; I nere was heere before.

Hang. To the easte side, my lord.

Moore. Then to the easte :
We goe to sigh ; that ore, to sleepe in rest.
Heere Moore forsakes all mirthe ; good reason why ;
The foole of fleshe must with her fraile life dye.
No eye salute my trunck with a sad teare :
Our birthe to heauen should be thus, voide of feare.

[*Exit [with Hangman, &c].*]

Sur. A very learned woorthie gentleman

the executioner, with a cheerful countenance, and said unto him ; ‘Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office : my neck is very short, take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry for saving of thine honesty.’” Roper’s *Life of More*, p. 94, ed. 1822.

¹ *buried in the Tower*] Followed in MS. by a deleted passage (“Come, let’s to the block, &c.,” see the next note), which, with some alterations, occurs afterwards.

² *Hang. My lord, I pray ye, &c.*] This and the three next speeches (see the preceding note) were originally written thus :

“Come, let’s to the block.

Hang. My lord, I pray ye, put off your doublet.

Moore. No, my good freend, I haue a great colde alreadie, and I would

Seales errour with his blood. Come, weelee to courte.

Lets sadly hence to perfect vnknowne fates,

Whilste he tends prograce to the state of states. [*Exeunt.*]

be lothe to take more. Point me meete the block, for I was nere heere before.

Hang. To the easte side, my lord.

Moore. Then to the easte :

We goe to sighe ; that ore, to sleep in rest.

No eye salute my trunk with a sad teare :

Our birth to heauen should be thus, voyde of feare. [*Exit.*"]

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